

THE FORTY-THIRD
 CAMBLED BY
 CHAMBERLAIN



SPENCER VOLUNTEER
 To whom as they approached they cry
 A fiery light is ever from with eye



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POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

OTHER
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



And I will leave more at my dear
house till the wine was fit of use,
And when thou art well recovered,
I will send thee the book.
And when thou art well recovered,
I will send thee the book.
And when thou art well recovered,
I will send thee the book.

VOL. V.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE GRIFFIN PRESS, BY THE MARRIAGE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UFTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spreadd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes----
So SPENSER now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

FAIRIE QUEENE.

FROM MANUSCRIPTS IN THE



When Spenser saw the fairest thing in sight,
Through every kind of danger passing,
Lo! that his love's thought, like a bright comet,
As in his thought's mirror, so he saw,
To think a heart so true, and so pure,
And yet so bold, and so full of love,
As Spenser was by himself alone,
To place her there, not leaving room for any,
So Spenser now, to his immortal name,
With woman's heart, gave all his love.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MANTON.

1858.

THE FAERY QUEENE,

BOOK V.

Contayning

The Legend of Artegall, or of Justice.

I.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse,
And being once amisse, growes daily wourse and

II.

[wourse:

For from the Golden Age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone,
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalion;
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered,

A iij

III.

Let none then blame me if, in discipline
 Of vertue and of civill use's lore,
 I do not forme them to the common line
 Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
 But to the antique use which was of yore,
 When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
 And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
 When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
 But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
 Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
 Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
 As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
 Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
 Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
 And so doe make contrarie constitution
 Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.

For whoso list into the heavens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
 Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 They all are wandred much; that plaine appears:
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
 Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa
 bore:

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two Twinnes of love,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan Lion's grove :
So now all range and do at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres ;
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII.

And if to those Aegyptian wifards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright ;
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's fayd
 That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
 All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
 No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompet's sound;
 Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:
 Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
 And to all people did divide her dred behests:

X.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperiall might,
 Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
 That powre he also doth to princes lend,
 And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
 To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread soverayne Goddesse! that doest highest sit
 In seate of iudgement in th' Almightyes stead,
 And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That furthest nations filles with awfull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so divine a read
 As thy great iustice praysed over all,
 The instrument whereof, loe here thy Artegall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in iustice lore
Irenæes quest purfewed;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring, which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat;
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did

II.

[deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' East before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne;
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne:
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed,
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
 The champion of true Iustice, Artegall,
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard adventure, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;
 That was to succour a distressed dame,
 Whom a strong tyrant did uniuſtly thrall,
 And from the heritage which ſhe did clame,
 Did with ſtrong hand withhold; Grantorto was his

IV.

[name.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe,
 To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
 She her beſought of gracious redreſſe:
 That ſeueraine queene, that mightie emperreſſe,
 Whoſe glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
 And of weake princes to be patronreſſe,
 Chose Artegall to right her to reſtore,
 For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous lore.

V.

For Artegall in iuſtice was upbrought
 Even from the cradle of his infancie,
 And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
 By faire Aſtræa, with great induſtrie,
 Whileſt here on earth ſhe lived mortallie;
 For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
 Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
 And in the rules of iuſtice them inſtructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport,
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde
To wend with her; so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave, from companie exile,
In which she nourshed him till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

VIII.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of man's yeares he raught,
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath list up his steely brand:

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her flight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In love's eternall house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest Heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
 Chrysaor! that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day when love those gyants

X.

[quelled :

For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon the blade,
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue then of fame;
 For there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave wherefo it came,
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
 But wheresoever it did light it throughly shard.

XI.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
 Astræa loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race,
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes which nightly we do see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace,
 And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
 And next herselfe her righteous Ballance hanging bee.

XII.

But when she parted hence she left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend :
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end,
Who in his hand an yron slea did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth un-

XIII.

[fould.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed :
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire, in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die :
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight,
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight ?

XV.

" Ah! woe is me, and well away!" quoth hee,
 Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
 " That ever I this dismall day did see!
 " Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
 " Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 " If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
 " That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke;
 " But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
 " The which another did, who now is fled with shame."

XVI.

" Who was it then," sayd Artegall, " that wrought?
 " And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
 " A knight," said he, " if knight he may be thought
 " That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
 " And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
 " This day as I in solace fate hereby
 " With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
 " There came this knight, having in companie
 " This lucklesse ladie which now here doth headlesse

XVII.

[lic.

" He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
 " Or that he waxed weary of his owne;
 " Would change with me; but I did it denye,
 " So did the ladies both, as may be knowne;
 " But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
 " Would not so rest contented with his right,
 " But having from his courser her downe throwne,
 " Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
 " And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

XVIII.

" Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
" And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
" Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
" But rather of his hand besought to die;
" With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
" And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
" In that same place whereas it now doth lie :
" So he my love away with him hath borne,
" And left me here both his and mine owne love to

XIX.

[morne."

" Aread," sayd he, " which way then did he make?
" And by what markes may he be knowne againe ?"
" To hope," quoth he, " him soone to overtake,
" That hence so long departed, is but vaine;
" But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
" And as I marked bore upon his shield,
" By which it's easie him to know againe,
" A broken sword within a bloodie field,
" Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

XX.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursewd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went;
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight)
Whom at the first he ghesped by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

XXI.

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire;
 Who full of scorne to be commaunded so,
 The lady to alight did est require,
 Whilest he reformed that uncivill so,
 And streight at him with all his force did go;
 Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stone's throw,
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a fencelesse bloke.

XXII.

But ere he could himselfe recure againe,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had,
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found himself unwist so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag; thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall,
 The sight whereof the lady fore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
 But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
 By that same carefull squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demanda of all
 That did betwixt him and that squire betide;
 Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
 Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
 And his accuser thereuppon deside;
 For neither he did shed that ladies blood,
 Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

XXIV.

Well did the squire perceiue himsele too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himsele to yield:
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that strange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

XXV.

And sayd, " Now sure this doubtfull cause's right
" Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
" Or else by ordele, or by blooddy fight,
" That ill perhaps mote fall to either side;
" But if ye please that I your cause decide,
" Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
" So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide."
Thereto they both did franckly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull cares did both attend.

XXVI.

" Sith then," sayd he, " ye both the dead deny,
" And both the living lady claime your right,
" Let both the dead and living equally
" Devided be betwixt you here in fight,
" And each of either take his share aright.
" But looke who does dissent from this my read,
" He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
" Beare for his penaunce that same ladies head,
" To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

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XXVII.

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
 And offred streight the lady to be slaine;
 But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
 Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him remaine
 Alive, then to himselfe be shared dead;
 And rather then his love should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that ladies head:
 True love despiseth shame, when life is eald in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved,
 "Not so, thou Squire!" he sayd, "but thine I deeme
 "The living lady, which from thee he reaved;
 "For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 "And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
 "As that ye would for little leave the same,
 "Take here your owne that doth you best beseme,
 "And with it beare the burden of defame,
 "Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abroad your

XXIX.

[shame."

But Sangliere disdaind much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his behest,
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that ladies head before his breast,
 Untill that Talus had his pride repress,
 And forced him maulgre it up to reare;
 Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
 He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great iustice, held in high regard,
And as his squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
But leaving him, forth on his iourney far'd;
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell ;

Does with the pagan fight :

Him slaies ; drownes lady Munera ;

Does race her castle quight.

I.

NOUGHT is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth besecme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry :
Whilome those great heröes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy :
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice' sake proceedes :

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarfe in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse :
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of fundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse,
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimel's owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare;
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd? for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare,
"It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
"What time, if naught me let, I will be there
"To do her service, so as I am bond;
"But in my way, a little here beyond,
"A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
"That keepes a bridge's passage by strong hond,
"And many errant knights hath there fordonne,
"That makes all men for feare that passage for to
[shonne."

V.

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far hence
"Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence,
"Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
"And more emboldned by the wicked charmes
"With which his daughter doth him still support,
"Having great lordships got, and goodly farmes,
"Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
"By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong
effort,

VI.

" And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
 " For never wight he lets to passe that way,
 " Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 " But he him makes his passage-penny pay,
 " Els he doth hold him backe or beat away.
 " Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,
 " Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
 " Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize,
 " But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

" His name is hight Pollente, rightly so,
 " For that he is so puissant and strong,
 " That with his powre he all doth over-go,
 " And makes them subject to his mighty wrong,
 " And some by sleight he eke doth underfong;
 " For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 " Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
 " And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
 " Through which the rider downe doth fall through

VIII.

[oversight.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
 " That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
 " Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
 " All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
 " But he himselfe through practise usuall
 " Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies
 " His foe, confused through his sodaine fall,
 " That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 " And either both them drownes, or trayterously
 slaies.

IX.

"Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
 "And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
 "Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
 "The coffers of her wicked threafury,
 "Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
 "That many princes she in wealth exceedes,
 "And purchast all the countrey lying ny
 "With the revenue of her plenteous meedes;
 "Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

X.

"Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
 "With golden hands and silver feete beside,
 "That many lords have her to wife desired,
 "But she them all despiseth for great pride."
 "Now by my life," sayd he, "and God to guide,
 "None other way will I this day betake,
 "But by that bridge whereas he doth abide,
 "Therefore me thither lead." No more he spake,
 But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile,
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with skull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law;
 To whom he aunswerd wroth, "Loc there thy hire:"
 And with that word him strooke, that streight he did
 expire.

XII.

Which when the pagan saw he waxed wroth,
 And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
 Ne was Sir Artégall behinde: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
 Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
 Into the flood; streight leapt the carle unblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall;
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new:
 But there the paynim, who that use well knew,
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew;
 And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.

XIV.

Which oddes whenas Sir Artégall espide;
 He saw no way but close with him in hast;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
 Uppon his iron collar griped fast,
 That with the straint his weland nigh he brast.
 There they together strove and struggled long,
 Either the other from his steed to cast;
 Ne ever Artégall his griple strong
 For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a seale are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine;
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine, [rore,
Doth frie with some above the surges hore;
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprone;

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horse's backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water fownd;
So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side,
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traine and throughly triide;
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th'end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall purfewd him still so neare
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle reare
 Above the brinke to tread upon the land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
 It bit the earth for very fell despight,
 And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
 Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him.

XIX.

[dight.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
 Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
 But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
 He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
 Where many yeares it afterwards remayned,
 To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
 In whose right hands great power is containd,
 That none of them the feeble over-ren,
 But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

XX.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
 In which the paynim's daughter did abide,
 Guarded of many which did her defend,
 Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
 And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
 Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
 That he was forced to withdraw aside,
 And bad his servant Talus to invent
 Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
 And with his iron flae at it let flie,
 That all the warders it did sore amate,
 The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
 And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie;
 Yet still he bet and bounst upon the dore,
 And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
 That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
 And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
 Upon the castle-wall; and when she saw
 The daungerous state in which she stood; she feared
 The sad effect of her neare overthrow,
 And gan intreat that iron man below
 To cease his outrage, and him faire besought,
 Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
 Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
 Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet she saw him to proceede,
 Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
 She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
 And causde great sackes, with endlesse riches fraught,
 Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
 And powred forth over the castle wall,
 That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
 Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
 But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall;

XXIV.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his maister to assaile;
 Who being entred, nought did then availe
 For wight against his powre themselves to reare:
 Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
 And hid themselves in corners here and there,
 And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herselfe for

XXV.

[feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde
 That sure they ween'd she was escapt away; [her,
 But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
 And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
 At length found out whereas she hidden lay
 Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
 By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
 Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
 That Artegall himselfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pittie would he change the course
 Of iustice which in Talus' hand did lye,
 Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
 And kneeling at his feete submissively;
 But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
 Which sought unrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
 Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them
 behold.

XXVII.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud;
But the streame washt away her guilty blood;
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evill gotten good,
The which her fire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

XXVIII.

And, lastly, all that castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge reformed;
Which done, unto his former journey he retourned.

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
By which as they did travel on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew,
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For never there the like resort they knew;
So towardses them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys;
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the sea, divided each from either;
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether;
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether;
And looke, what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

XXXII.

For why? he sayd they all unequall were,
And had eneroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire;
And so were realmes and nations run awry:
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluſter thicke unto his leaſings vaine,
Like fooliſh flies about an hony-crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did ſee, and heare
How he miſſed the ſimple peoples traine,
In ſeingfull wiſe he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him ſpake, without regard or feare;

XXXIV.

"Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
"And all things to an equall to reſtore,
"Inſtead of right, me ſeemes great wrong doſt ſhew,
"And far above thy forces pitch to ſore;
"For ere thou limit what is leſſe or more
"In every thing, thou oughteſt firſt to know
"What was the poyſe of every part of yore,
"And looke then how much it doth overflow
"Or faile thereof; ſo much is more then juſt I throw."

XXXV.

"For at the firſt they all created were
"In goodly meaſure by their Maker's might,
"And weighed out in ballaunces ſo nere,
"That not a dram was miſſing of their right:
"The earth was in the middle centre pight,
"In which it doth immoveable abide,
"Hemd in with waters like a wall in ſight,
"And they with aire, that not a drop can ſlide;
"Al which the heavens containe, and in their courſes
guide.

XXXVI.

"Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
 "That every one doe know their certaine bound,
 "In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 "Andmongst them al no change hath yet beene found;
 "But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
 "We are not sure they would so long remaine;
 "All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound;
 "Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
 "Till we maybe assur'd they shall their course retaine."

XXXVII.

"Thou foolishhe Elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
 "Seest not how badly all things present bee,
 "And each estate quite out of order goth?
 "The sea itselfe, doest thou not plainly see
 "Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
 "And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast
 "By all that dying to it turned be?
 "Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
 "And from the most that some were given to the least?

XXXVIII.

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
 "And make them leuell with the lowly plaine;
 "These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
 "I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
 "And as they were them equalize againe.
 "Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
 "I will suppress, that they no more may raine,
 "And lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
 "And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

XXXIX.

"Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?"
"What though the sea with waves continuall
"Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
"Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
"For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
"Is with the tide unto another brought;
"For there is nothing lost that may be found if sought.

XL.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
"By all that dying into it doe fade,
"For of the earth they formed were of yore;
"However gay their blossome or their blade
"Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
"What wrong then is it if that when they die
"They turne to that whereof they first were made?
"All in the powre of their great Maker lie;
"All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

XLI.

"They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
"Ne ever any asketh reason why.
"The hils doe not the lowly dales disdain;
"The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
"He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
"He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
"He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
"He gives to this, from that he takes away;
"For all we have is his: what he list doe he may.

XLII.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
 " Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
 " Ne any may his foveraine power shonne,
 " Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band;
 " In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
 " To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 " Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand,
 " Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
 " Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses

XLIII.

[dew.

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
 " And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
 " Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
 " Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
 " But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 " Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
 " For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
 " That doest not know the least thing of them all?
 " Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

XLIV.

Therewith the gyaunt much abashed sayd,
 That he of little things made reckoning light;
 Yet the least word that ever could be layd
 Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
 " Which is," sayd he, " more heavy then in weight,
 " The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
 He answered that he would try it streight;
 So he the words into his ballaunce threw, [flew.
 But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide,
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
“ Well, then,” sayd Artegall, “ let it be tride;
“ First in one ballance set the true aside.”
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th’other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd,
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI.

“ Now take the right likewise,” sayd Artegale,
“ And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.”
So first the right he put into one scale,
And then the gyant strove, with puissance strong,
To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might it not peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf’d, and proved every way;
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken;
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, “ Be not upon thy ballance wroken,
“ For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
“ But in the mind the doome of right must bee,
“ And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
“ The care must be the ballance, to decree [agree.
“ And iudge whether with truth or falshood they

XLVIII.

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
 " For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
 " And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 " Or else two falses, of each equal share,
 " And then together doe them both compare;
 " For truth is one, and right is ever one."

So did he; and then plaine it did appeare
 Whether of them the greater were attone;
 But right sat in the middest of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right which he did seeke,
 But rather strove extremities to way,
 Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke,
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke;
 Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
 Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him

L.

[dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
 Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
 Does make herselfe Misfortune's piteous pray;
 So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
 His battred ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled;
 So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LII.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation;
For well they hoped to have got great good
And wondrous riches by his innovation;
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do,
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew;
Therefore he Talus to them sent t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side,
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay;
But when at them he with his staile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.

LIV.

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
 The trembling feule, dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
 Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
 Amongst the flags and covert round about;
 When Talus saw they all the field forfooke,
 And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
 To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

LIII.

Which lawlesse multitude him following to
 In warlike array Artegall did send;
 His much was troubled, as with what to do
 For loth he was his nobles to command
 In the battell of such a raskall crew;
 And otherwise, if that he should refuse
 He feared lest they with shame would him pursue;
 Therefore he came to them that raskall rout,
 The cause of their enny, and true to salute.

LII.

But loone as they him nigh approaching spide,
 They gas with all their weapons him alay;
 And ready stroke at him on every side
 Yet nought they could him hurt, although they lay;
 Not when at them he with his hand lay,
 He like a steere of byrden overthrew them;
 No ray of their darts came in his way,
 But here and there before him they fell;
 And he himself in helms and harness from the rest.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The sponsals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies fights.

I.

AFTER long stormes and tempests over-blowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
So whenas Fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruell band
By Marinell, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore,
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store,
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.

D ij

III.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
 The goodly service, the devicefull fights,
 The bridegrome's state, the bride's most rich aray,
 The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
 Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me;
 But for so much as to my lot here lights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full satietie
 Of meates and drinckes their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualrie
 They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
 As each one had his furnitures deviz'd:
 And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
 And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
 And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
 A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes;
 The second had to name Sir Bellifont,
 But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
 The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
 The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
 The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
 The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
 All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a
 fight.

VII.

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From every coast and countrie vnder sunne;
 None was debard, but all had leave that lust
 The trumpets sound; then all together ronne:
 Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
 And many knights unhors'd, and many wounded,
 As fortune fell, yet little lost or wonne;
 But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
 To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud resounded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
 Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
 And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
 With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
 In which all strove with perill to winne fame,
 Yet whether side was victor note be ghest;
 But at the last the trumpets did proclame
 That Marinell that day deserved best:
 So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
 Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
 Together met, of all to make an end.
 There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew,
 And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
 Rashing off helmes, and ryving plates asonder,
 That every one his daunger did eschew:
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did
 wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwaies happie stand;
 The greater prowesse greater perils find.
 So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they have him enclosed so behind;
 As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
 And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
 And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Unless some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
 Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
 With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
 Upon the way with that his snowy dame;
 Where when he understood by common fame,
 What evil hap to Marinell betid,
 He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
 And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
 Where they were leading Marinell away;
 Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred knights of that array,
 Of which th'one halfe upon himselfe did set,
 Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray;
 But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
 And from th'other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe,
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anow,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set a fresh on all the other crew,
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew:
So were they left lords of the field alone;
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him, in pretious store,
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

XIV.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall:
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill;
 So unto him they did addeeme the prize
 Of all that tryumph: then the trumpets shrill
 Don Braggadochio's name resounded thrill
 So courage lent a cloke to co
 And then to him came fayr
 And goodly gan to spee
 And thousand
 Approv'd

To who
 With p
 That w
 For her, but
 Whom on his perill he did undertake
 Both her and eke all others to excell;
 And further did uncomely speaches crake:
 Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
 Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
 Covered from peoples gazement with a vele;
 Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
 With great amazement they were stupefide;
 And said that surely Florimell it was,
 Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
 That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
 Ne wist he what to thinke or to devise;
 But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
 He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
 Whom ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

XIX.

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
 Mounted in Phœbus' charet fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
 And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing Nature's worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright;
 So stood Sir Marinell when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

XX.

All which when Artegall, who all this while
 Stood in the preasse close covered, well had bewed,
 And saw that boaster's pride and gracelesse guile,
 He could no longer beare, but forth issued,
 And unto all himselve there open shewed,
 And to the boaster said, "Thou Losell base!
 " That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewd,
 " And others worth with leasings doest deface,
 " When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace."

XXI.

" That shield which thou doest beare was it indeed?
 " Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell,
 " But not that arme, nor thou the man, I need,
 " Which didst that service unto Florimell;
 " For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
 " What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stir'd this day,
 " Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
 " Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
 " So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

[sounds,

" But this the sword which wrought those cruell
 " And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
 " And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
 " By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
 " As for this ladie which he sheweth here,
 " Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,
 " But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
 " That by misfortune in his hand did fall;
 For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
 Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
 A great increase in her faire blushing face,
 As roses did with lillies interlace;
 For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
 She inly yet conceived great disgrace,
 Whom whenas all the people such did vew, [shew.
 They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did

XXIV.

Then did he set her by that showy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall whether should the honor get
Streightway so soone as both together met,
Th'enchanted dainzell vanish into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide;
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe ere one could it bewray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faintharts with senselesse horror quell'd,
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent
So stolen from their fancies wonderment,
That what of it became none understood;
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

XXVII.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
 The which of all her spoyle was onely left,
 Which was not her's, as many it mistooke,
 But Florimell's owne girdle, from her rest
 While she was flying, like a weary west,
 From that foule monster which did her compell
 To perils great; which he unbuckling est,
 Presented to the fayrest Florimell,
 Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many ladies often had assayd
 About their middles that faire belt to knit,
 And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd;
 Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
 Till Florimell about her fastned it.
 Such power it had, that to no woman's wast
 By any skill or labour it would fit,
 Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,
 But it would lose or break, that many had disgrast.

XXIX.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
 And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
 Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
 Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
 His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
 And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
 With th'other drew his sword, for with the same
 He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit;
 And had he not beene held, he nought had sayld of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
 Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse;
 For Braggadochio would not let him pas,
 And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
 Or it approve upon his carrion corse:
 Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
 He nigh them drew, to stay th'avenger's forse,
 And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
 Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceived.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
 About that wofull couple which were slaine,
 And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
 His horse purloyned was by subtile traine,
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
 But he, for nought could him thereto constraine,
 For as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII.

Which Artegall well hearing (though no more
 By law of armes there neede one's right to trie,
 As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field denie)
 Yet further right by tokens to descric,
 He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
 "If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
 "Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
 "Shapt like a horse's shoe, who list to seeke it there."

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take g^o to
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke,
 But with his heeles so forely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
 That never word from that day forth he spoke;
 Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
 Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke,
 But by the shoulder him so fore he bit,
 That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
 Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
 And called Brigadore (so was he hight)
 Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
 Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see;
 And whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And friskt, and song aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artégall did plaine areed,
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd,
 "Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
 "As he with golden saddle is arayd,
 "And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
 "Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
 But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
 That iudgement so uniuert against him had ordayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incens'd with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny,
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearly doen aby;
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
"To you that are our iudge of equity,
"To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee;
"It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this punishment;
First he his beard did shave, and fowly hent,
Then from him rest his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
And him selfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour

XXXVIII.

[sperst.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie,
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame,
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeites were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtile flights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vsurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IV.

Artegall, dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive;
Saves Térpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprove.

I.

Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride;
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
For powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust;
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
Then this of Artégall, which here we have to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
 Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
 Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
 Departed from the Castle of the Strond,
 To follow his adventure's first intent,
 Which long agoe he taken had in hond;
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
 But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

IV.

With whom as he did passe by the sea-shore,
 He chaunst to come whereas two comely squires,
 Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
 But stirred up with different desires,
 Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires;
 And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
 By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires
 Now with faire words; but words did little good:
 Nowwith sharpe threats; but threats the more increast

V.

[their mood.

And there before them stood a coffer strong,
 Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
 But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
 Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
 Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
 Seem'd that for it these squires at ods did fall,
 And bent against themselves their cruell hands,
 But evermore those damzels did forestall
 Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

VI.

But firmly fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify;
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegall arriving happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
"Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
"To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
"Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
"Two islands, which ye there before you see
"Not farre in sea, of which the one appeares
"But like a little mount of small degree,
"Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
"As that same other isle, that greater bredth now

VIII.

[beares.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
"And this devouring sea, that nought doth spare,
"The most part of my land hath washt away,
"And throwne it up unto my brother's share,
"So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
"Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
"That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
"With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
"And should have ioynd bene to her in wedlock's
knot.

IX.

" Then did my younger brother Amidas
 " Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
 " To whom but little dowre allotted was;
 " Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
 " What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
 " But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,
 " And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
 " And to my brother did clope streightway;
 " Who taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

X.

" She seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
 " Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyved,
 " Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
 " Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
 " But see how much her purpose was deceived!
 " Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
 " Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
 " She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
 " Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI.

" The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
 " Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
 " And but halfe scene his ugly visnomic,
 " Can to repent that she had beene so mad
 " For any death to chaunge life, though most bad;
 " And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
 " (The lucky pylot of her passage sad)
 " After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 " Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest:

XII.

"Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
"Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
"From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore
"Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
"She then in recompence of that great favour
"Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
"The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
"Together with herselfe in dowry free;
"Both goodly portions, but of both the better she."

XIII.

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought,
"Great threasure thence we did finde contained,
"Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought;
"But this same other damzell since hath fained
"That to herselfe that threasure appertained,
"And that she did transport the same by sea,
"To bring it to her husband new ordained,
"But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way;
"But whether it be so or no I cannot say."

XIV.

"But whether it indeede be so or no,
"This doe I say, that whatso good or ill,
"Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
"(Not wronging any other by my will)
"I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still:
"And though my land he first did winne away,
"And then my love (though now it little skill)
"Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
"But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

XV.

So having sayd, the younger did ensue;
 " Full true it is whatso about our land;
 " My brother here declared hath to you;
 " But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand;
 " But for this thicafure throwne uppon his strand;
 " Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
 " To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
 " Known by good markes and perfect good espiall;
 " Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
 " Certes your strife were easie to accord,
 " Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
 " Unto yourselfe," said they; " we give our word
 " To bide what iudgement ye shall us afford."
 " Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
 " Under my foote let each lay downe his sword,
 " And then you shall my sentence understand."

So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd;
 " Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
 " Your brother's land the which the sea hath layd
 " Unto your part, and pluckt from his away;
 " By what good right doe you withhold this day?"
 " What other right," quoth he, " should you esteeme,
 " But that the sea it to my share did lay?"
 " Your right is good," sayd he, " and so I deeme,
 " That what the sea unto you sent your own should
 seeme."

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd ;

" Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne ;

" Your brother's threasure, which from him is strayd,

" Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,

" By what right doe you claime to be your owne ? "

" What other right, " quoth he, " should you esteeme,

" But that the sea hath it unto me throwne ? "

" Your right is good, " sayd he, " and so I deeme,

" That what the sea unto you sent your own should

XIX.

[seeme.

" For equall right in equall things doth stand :

" For what the mighty sea hath once posselt,

" And plucked quite from all possessors hand,

" Whether by rage of waves that never rest,

" Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,

" He may dispose by his imperiall might,

" As thing at randon left, to whom he list.

" So, Amidas, the land was your's first hight ;

" And so the threasure your's is, Bracidas, by right. "

XX.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,

Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased ;

But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,

And on the threasure by that iudgement ceased.

So was their discord by this doome appeased,

And each one had his right. Then Artegall,

Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,

Departed on his way, as did befall,

To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
 He chaunst to come where happily he spide
 A rout of many people farre away,
 To whom his counsell he hastily applide,
 To weete the cause of their assemblance wide;
 To whom when he approched neare in sight
 (An uncouth sight) he plainly then descride
 To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
 With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
 With both his hands behinde him pionoed hard,
 And round about his necke an halter tight,
 As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
 His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
 That who he was underneath was to descry,
 And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
 Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
 That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants mercilesse, the more
 Reioyced at his miserable case,
 And him reviled, and reproched sore
 With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
 Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
 Did aske what cause brought that man to decay?
 They round about him gan to swarme apace,
 Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
 And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
 And drawing backe, deceived their intent;
 Yet though himselfe did shame on womankind
 His mighty hand to stend, he Talus sent
 To wrecke on them their follies hardiment;
 Who with few fowces of his yron hale
 Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
 And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
 Of their vain prowesse turned to their proper bale:

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
 They left behind them, glad to be so quit;
 Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
 And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
 Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
 And him restoring unto living light,
 So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
 Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
 Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

XXVI.

"Sir Turpine! haplesse man! what make you here?
 "Or have you lost your selfe and your discretion,
 "That ever in this wretched case ye were?
 "Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
 "Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
 "Or else what other deadly dismall day
 "Is falne on you by Heaven's hard direction,
 "That ye were runne so fondly far astray
 "As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with shame and partly with dismay,
 That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
 And little had for his excuse to say,
 But onely thus ; " Most haplesse well ye may
 " Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
 " And made the scorne of knighthood this same day;
 " But who can scape what his own Fate hath wrought?
 " The worke of Heavens will surpasseeth humaine

XXVIII.

[thought."

" Right true ; but faulty men use oftentimes
 " To attribute their folly unto Fate,
 " And lay on Heaven the guilt of their own crimes.
 " But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
 " Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"
 " Then sith ye needs," quoth he, " will know my shame,
 " And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
 " I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 " In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX.

" Being desirous (as all knights are woont)
 " Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
 " And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 " I heard report, that farre abroad did fly,
 " That a proud Amazon did late defy
 " All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 " And unto them wrought all the villany
 " That she could forge in her malicious head,
 " Which some hath put to shame, and many done be
 dead.

XXX.

" The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
 " Is for the sake of Bellodant the Bold,
 " To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
 " And wooed him by all the waies she could;
 " But when she saw at last that he ne would
 " For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
 " She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
 " And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 " Which she could doe to knights, which now she

XXXI.

[doth fulfill.

" For all those knights, the which by force or guile
 " She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate;
 " First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
 " And cloth in womens weedes, and then with threat
 " Doth them compell to worke to earne their meat,
 " To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
 " Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 " But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 " Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

" But if through stout disdain of manly mind
 " Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
 " Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 " She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
 " In which condition I right now did stand;
 " For being overcome by her in fight,
 " And put to that base service of her band,
 " I rather chose to die in live's despite,
 " Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a knight."

XXXIII.

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
 "And where and how far hence does she abide?"
 "Her name," quoth he, "they Radigand doe call,
 "A princeesse of great powre and greater pride,
 "And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
 "And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved,
 "With great successe, that her hath glorified,
 "And made her famous more then is believed,
 "New would it have ween'd, had I not late it priued."

XXXIV.

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
 "To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 "I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
 "And venge the shame that she to knights doth show:
 "Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
 "This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
 "And wend with me, that ye may see and know
 "How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
 "And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would

XXXV.

[emphaire.]

With that like one that hopelesse was repyv'd
 From Deathes dore at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Unto the dwelling of that Amazone,
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
 A goodly citie and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called Radegone.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Descried freight, who all the citty warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed;
Ere long their queene herselfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

XXXVII.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
And at the porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin;
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be unbar'd,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepar'd.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknownen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
 Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
 T'avenge that shame they did on him commit,
 All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
 And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
 Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

XL.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
 She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
 Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
 Weeping at once her wrath on him to wreake,
 And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake:
 As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
 Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
 Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause
 To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
 By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter
 In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse;
 There her assaying fiercely fresh, he raught her
 Such an huge stroke, that it of fence disfraught her,
 And had she not it warded warily,
 It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
 Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
 It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

XLII.

Like to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide empire of the aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chauce hath spide
A goshaue, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Hef from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth

XLIII.

[rive.

But soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight;
Through vengefulwrath and fdeignfull pride half mad,
For never had she suffred such despight;
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, mangre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast;
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his straunge weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouringemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yelowded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold Radigund, with sound of trumpe on hight,
 Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
 And gathering them unto her citties gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin knight,
 Weary of toile and travell of that day,
 Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the city-gate in open sight,
 Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
 Together with Sir Terpin, all that night;
 But Talus usde in times of icopardy
 To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing grieve
 For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe,
 But tossed in her troublous minde what way
 She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
 There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
 To try her fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
 As she had seene that day, a disadventerous fight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
Her name was Clarin; and thus to her sayd;
“Goe, Damzell, quickly doe thyselfe addresse
“To doe the message which I shall expresse:
“Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
“Who yesterday drove us to such distresse,
“Tell that to morrow I with him will fight,
“And try in equall field whether hath greater might.”

XLIX.

“But these conditions doe to him propound,
“That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
“My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
“And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
“Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
“Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
“Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
“And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
“And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry
L. [fit.]

The damzell streight obayd; and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went;
Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpet's sounding ment;
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his lord she would emparlaunce
make,

LXXX

So he them streight conducted to his lord,
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,
 Till they had told their message word by word;
 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
 And gawe them gifts and things of deare delight;
 So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
 But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

LXXXI

But these conditions doe to him proposed,
 That if I vnderstande, he shall stay
 My law, and euen to my law be bound;
 And so will I, if one be vnderstande
 What euer he shall like to doe or say;
 Goe straight, and take with thee a witness
 Of thy fellowes of the best array,
 And beare with you both wine and mutes fit,
 And bid him come a handkerchiefe he oyle shall bring
 [sic]

LXXXII

The handell straight obeyd; and putting all
 In readiness, forth to the towne-gate went;
 Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
 Unto those watchmen knightes the warning sent.
 Then thus forth from the tent, where they were,
 Into the wall his way the handell took,
 To wester ward, that trumpet's sounding went;
 Where that handell sounding his becke
 And thus that with his hand the world emburance
 make

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guyle;
He is by her imprisioned,
But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

So soone as day forth dawning from the East
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Commaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preperde in order dew;
The knight as best was seeming for a knight,
And th'Amazon as best it likt herselfe to dight.

II.

All in a camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when she list it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bents of gold on every side,
 And mailles betweene, and laced close afore;
 Upon her thigh her cemitare was tide
 With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Upon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
 As the faire moone in her most full aspect,
 That to the moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the citty-gate
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many damzells that did waite
 Upon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
 Ther sound did reach unto the heavens hight;
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
 Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter;
 Soone after cke came she with fell intent,
 And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
 That battel's utmost triall to aduenter.
 The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle center;
 Which in great heapes them circled all about;
 Wayting how Fortune would resolve that dangerous

VI.

The trumpets sounded, and the field began:
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended;
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first blow himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she soynd, she lasht, she laid on every side.

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which sayling, he gan fiercely her pursue:
Like as a smith, that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feelles it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron anvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene;
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded,
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
 Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
 That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
 And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
 Much was she moved with the mightie sway
 Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
 And like a greedie beare unto her pray,
 With her sharp cemitare at him she flew,
 That glaucing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth

X.

[drew.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
 And to upbrayd that chauce which him misfell,
 As if the prize she gotten had almost,
 With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well,
 That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
 With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
 And at her strooke with puissance fearefull felt;
 Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
 That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
 Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
 That downe she fell upon the grassie field
 In sencelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
 And pangs of death her spirit overtooke;
 Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
 He to her leapt with deadly dreadfull looke,
 And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII.

But whenas he discovered had her face,
 He saw, his senses strange astonishment,
 A miracle of Nature's goodly grace
 In her faire visage void of ornament,
 But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,
 Which in the rudeness of that evill plight
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
 Like as the moone in foggie winter's night
 Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her

XIII.

[light.

At sight thereof his cruel minded hart
 Empierced was with pittifull regard,
 That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
 No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
 But ruth of beautie will it mollifie,
 By this upstarting from her swoone, she start'd
 Awhile about her with confused eye,
 Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

XIV.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
 With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former cruellnesse:
 And though he still retr'y'd, yet nathlesse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,
 And more increast her outrage morcillesse,
 The more that he with meeke intreatie pray'd,
 Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to staye

stayd.

G ij

XV.

Like as a puttocke, having spyde in sight
 A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
 Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill,
 The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still;
 Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre,
 And with his single shield, well as he might,
 Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
 And evermore he gently did desyre
 To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield;
 Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
 Till he to her delivered had his shield,
 And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
 But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
 Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word
 To be her thrall, and service her afford;
 For though that he first victorie obtayned,
 Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
 No sayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII

Tho with her sword on him she flating strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke;
But Terpine, borne to a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled,
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed,

XIX.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron staile amongst them thondred,
That they were sayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred,
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred;
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And causd him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whilome he gotten had great fame;
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bascs fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was field
 With monuments of many knights decay,
 By her subdued in victorious fray;
 Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray,
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
 With which he went to stirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many brave knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
 But they were forst through penurie and pyne
 To doe those workes to them appointed dew;
 For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen

XXIII.

[twyne.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
 That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
 A sordid office for a mind so brave:
 So hard it is to be a woman's slave!
 Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
 And thereto did himselfe right well behave
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
 Her vassall to become if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him scene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas' sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His lyon's skin chaungd to a pall of gold;
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T'obay the heafts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wisely understand
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the Heavens them list to lawfull soveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subiection,
However it his noble heart did gall
T'obay a woman's tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election;
But having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Can cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
 She chaw'd the end of lovers carefull plight;
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night;
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
 To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
 And of her servant make her soverayne lord:
 So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborn handling of her love-sicke hart,
 And still the more she strove it to subdew,
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,
 And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
 At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
 To meeke obeysance of Love's mightie raine,
 And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine,

XXIX.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
 Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
 And to her said, "Clarinda, whom of all
 "I trust alive, sith I thee fosterd first,
 "Now is the time that I untimely must
 "Thereof make tryall in my greatest need:
 "It is so hapned that the Heavens uniust,
 "Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
 "To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed."

XXX.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
 Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose;
 But soone she did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began againe:
 "This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
 "Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,"
 "But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still re-

XXXI.

[straine."

"Ah, my deare Dread!" said then the fearefull mayd;
 "Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold;
 "That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 "And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face behold?
 "Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
 "Doth not your handmayd's life at your foot lie?"
 Therewith much comforted, she gan unfold
 The cause of her conceived maladie,
 As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie:

XXXII.

"Clarín," sayd she, "thou seest yond Fayry knight,
 "Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
 "Subiected hath to my unequall might;
 "What right is it that he should thraldome find
 "For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
 "That for such good him recompence with ill?
 "Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
 "And by his freedome get his free goodwill,
 "Yet so as bound to me he may continue still:

XXXIII.

" Bond unto me, but not with such hard bands
 " Of strong compulsion and streight violence
 " As now in miserable state he stands;
 " But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
 " Voide of malicious mind or soule offence;
 " To which if thou canst win him any way
 " Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
 " Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
 " And eke with gratefull service me right well away.

XXXIV.

" Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
 " Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
 " And token true to old Eumenias,
 " From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
 " That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
 " Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
 " And all thy forces gather unto thee,
 " Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
 " With which thou canst even love himselfe to love

XXXV.

[entise.]

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
 Give her great comfort and some hart's content;
 So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour,
 By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
 With th'Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved;
 With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
 Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
 And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him
 proved.

XXXVI.

" Unhappy Knight! upon whose hopelesse state
 " Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
 " And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate,
 " I rew that thus thy better dayes are drown'd
 " In sad despaire, and all thy senses frown'd
 " In stupid sorow, sith thy iust meritt
 " Might else have with felicitie bene crown'd:
 " Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
 " To thinke how this long death thou mightest dis-

XXXVII.

[inherit.]

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speech,
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,
 And gan to doubt least she him sought t'approach
 Of treason, or some guilefull twaine did weave,
 Through which she might his wretched life bereave;
 Both which to barre he with this answer met her;
 " Faire Damzell! that with ruth, as I perceave,
 " Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
 " For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

XXXVIII.

" Yet weete ye well, that to a courage great
 " It is no lesse befeeming well to beare
 " The storme of Fortune's frowne or Heaven's threat,
 " Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
 " Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare;
 " For though this cloud have now me overcast,
 " Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
 " And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
 " Yet in my truthe's assurance I rest fixed fast."

XXXIX.

" But what so stonie mind," she then replyde,
 " But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
 " Would to his hope a window open wyde,
 " And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
 " Unworthy sure," quoth he, " of better day,
 " That will not take the offer of good hope,
 " And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."
 Which speaches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

XL.

" Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
 " Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
 " And try if thou by faire entreatie can
 " Move Radigund? who though she still have worne
 " Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
 " Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded,
 " As that albe all love of men she scorne,
 " She yet forgets that she of men was kynded;
 " And sooth oft scene that proudest harts base love

XLI.

[hath blynded.]

" Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
 Sayd he, " nor obstinate disdaine full mind,
 " I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
 " For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
 " That she a queene, and come of princely kynd,
 " Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
 " Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
 " And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
 " And als of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto:

XLII.

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
 " From seeking favour where it doth abound,
 " Which if I might by your good office get,
 " I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
 " And ready to deserve what grace I found."

She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
 Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
 But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

XLIII.

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the hooke
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
 Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion;
 For seeking thus to save the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceits owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
 To Artzgall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse should have knowledge gayned,
 But to herselfe it secretly retayned
 Within the closet of her covert brest;
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
 Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
 And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLV.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
 Gan to demanda of her some tydings good,
 Touching her love's successe, her lingring smart;
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
 But quickly she it overpast, so soone
 As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood;
 Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
 And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne :

XLVI.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
 Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
 So fond a lesson as to love againe;
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
 Then his foe's love or liking entertaine:
 His resolution was both first and last,
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plapt.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
 She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
 For very fell despight, which she conceived,
 To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lid's fall;
 Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forstall:
 Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
 entreat:

XLVIII.

"What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
 "That we may compasse this our enterprize?
 "Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
 "And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
 "With which he dares our offers thus despize:
 "Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
 "And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
 "I will awhile with his first folly beare,
 "Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more

XLIX.

[neare.

"Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
 "Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
 "Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great avails,
 "With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
 "Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
 "The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
 "With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 "Let him feelee hardnesse of thy heavy arme:
 "Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe

L.

[with harme.

"Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
 "For I him find to be too proudly fed:
 "Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
 "That he with worke may be forwearied:
 "Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 "That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 "And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 "Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
 "And let whatever he desires be him denide.

LII.

" When thou hast all this doon, then bring me newes
 " Of his demerits; thenceforth not like a lover,
 " But like a rebell stout I will him use;
 " For I resolve this siege not to give over
 " Till I the conquest of my will recover.
 So she departed full of grieve and disdain,
 Which inly did to great impatience move her;
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII.

There all her subtil nets she did unfold
 And all the engins of her wit display,
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocencie to make her pray
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay
 That both her ladies, and herselfe withall,
 And eke the knight, attonce she bid betray;
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurse, which sayning to receive
 In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
 Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
 The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
 Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguyl'd,
 And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde
 To feeding of her private fire, which boyl'd
 Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

LIV.

For comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserve such

LVI.

[grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew;
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye;
Therefore unto her mistresse, most unkind,
She daily told her love he did desye,
And him she told her dame his freedome did denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow;
 Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
 That she with him mote be the more offended.
 Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
 Of both beloved well, but little friended,
 Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned,
 Which in another Canto will be best containd.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart

Of Artegal's mishap;

She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,

Who seekes her to entrap.

I.

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will,
That all his former praise doth fowly spill;
But he the man that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

II.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtile bait
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved,
Whose character in th' adamantin mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
That no new love's impression ever could
Bereave it thence; such blot his honour blemish should.

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
 Scarce so conceived in her iealous thought,
 What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
 In woman's bondage Talus to her brought;
 Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
 For after that the utmost date assynde
 For his returne she waited had for nought,
 She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
 A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to

IV.

[fynde.

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
 Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
 Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
 In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest;
 But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
 And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
 Least some new love had him from her posselt;
 Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
 To thinke of him so ill, yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd herselfe, another whyle
 She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew;
 And then her grieve with errour to beguyle,
 She sayn'd to count the time againe anew,
 As if before she had not counted trew:
 For houres but dayes; for weekes that passed were
 She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few;
 Yet when she reckned them still drawing neare,
 Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a
 yeare.

.VI.

But whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of doubt.
Now she devis'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight;
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did

VII.

[spight.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her love his way address;
There looking forth, she in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest,
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

VIII.

There, as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede;
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meeete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun;
 "And where is he thy lord? and how far hence?
 "Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?"
 The yron man, albe he wanted sence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

X.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
 "And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
 "That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth hold."
 To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
 "That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
 "My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
 "In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
 "Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
 "And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

XI.

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe,
 "But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
 "That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
 "Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly dost thou hide
 "Thy maister's shame, in harlots bondage tide;
 "The rest my selfe too readily can spell."
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew,
And him to touch with falshood's fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straunger's love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last;
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt and chaunft; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament;
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singulfes

XIV.

[few.

Like as a wayward childe, whose fonder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurse's might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes, for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this ladies fit in her love's fond accusing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
 Herselfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
 Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
 She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
 By change of place seeking to ease her paine,
 And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
 The certaine cause of Artegal's detaine,
 And what he did, and in what state he stood,
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

XVI.

"Ah! wellaway!" sayd then the yron man,
 "That he is not the while in state to woo,
 "But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
 "Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
 "But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
 "Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere-while aright,
 "That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
 "Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
 "Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
 The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
 In sort as ye have heard the same of late;
 All which when she with hard endurauce had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad
 With sodaine fouds of wrath and grief attone,
 Ne would abide till she had aunswere made;
 But streight herselfe did dight and armor don,
 And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII

So forth she rode, upon her ready way
 To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide;
 Sadly she rode, and never word did say,
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
 But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
 To fierce avengement of that woman's pride
 Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
 And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

XIX

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
 Chawing the end of griefe and inward paine,
 She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
 A knight that softly paced on the plaine,
 As if himselfe to solace he were faine:
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace then needlesse trouble to constraîne,
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

XX

He coming neare gan gently her salute
 With curteous words, in the most comely wize,
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
 Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
 She would herselfe displease so him requite.
 Then gan the other further to devise
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light, [light:
 And many things demaund, to which the answer'd

XXIX

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
 Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gave none other place: which when as hee
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to use lothfull speech,
 But her besought to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady dampe had dimd the heaven's reach,
 To lodge with him that night, unles good cause em-

XXII.

[peach.

The championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
 And with him went without gaine-saying more.
 Not farre away, but little wide by west,
 His dwelling was, to which he him adress;
 Where soone arriving, they received were
 In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
 For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

XXIII.

Thus passing th'evening well, till time of rest,
 Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
 Where groomes awayted her to have undrest;
 But she ne would undressed be for ought,
 Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought;
 For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
 Those warlike weedes till she revenge had wrought
 Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe,
 Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

XXIV.

Which when her host perceiv'd, right discontent
 In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
 He should his purpose misse, which close he ment;
 Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
 There all that night remained Britomart,
 Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
 Not suffering the least twynckling sleepe to start
 Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved,
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved.

XXV.

"Ye guilty Eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
 "My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
 "My life now too, for which a little while
 "Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
 "I wote when ye did watch both night and day
 "Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
 "Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
 "Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
 "To thinke of your night's want, that should yee

XXVI.

[waking keepe."

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
 In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still uplight,
 As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
 Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
 Lying without her dore in great disease,
 Like to a spaniell wayting carefully,
 Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native belman of the night,
 The bird that warned Peter of his fall;
 First rings his silver bell, to each sleepey wight,
 That should their minde up to devotion call,
 She heard a wondrous noise below the hall;
 All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
 By a false trap was let adowne to fall
 Into a lower roome, and by and by
 The loft was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII.

With fight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
 Perceiving well the treason which was ment,
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her place with courage confident,
 Wayting what would ensue of that event;
 It was not long before she heard the sound
 Of armed men, comming with close intent
 Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull sound
 She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her

XXIX.

[bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
 Two knights all armed ready for to fight,
 And after them full many other more,
 A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight;
 Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
 He started up, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight;
 They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
 And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deeде,
Yet being forst t'abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should procede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did procede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour, by that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with flie shifts and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three sonnes, all three like father's sonnes,
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes,
 The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
 By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
 His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
 For to avenge, full many treasons vile
 His father Dolon had devis'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred

XXXIV.

[hate:

For sure he weend that this his present guest
 Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine,
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
 Which still was wont with Artegall remaine,
 And therefore ment him surely to have slaine;
 But by God's grace and her good heedinesse,
 She was preserved from that traytrous traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

XXXV.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
 Discovered had the light to living eye,
 She forth yflew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t'avenge that villany
 On that vilde man and all his family;
 And comming down to seeke them where they wond,
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
 Each rowme she fought, but them all empty fond:
 They all were fled for feare, but whether nether kond.

XXXVI.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steed, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a sight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those too false brethren on that perillous bridge
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight:
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall o'er the

XXXVII.

[lidge.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake,
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false Traytor! that with lone
"Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art
"No more shall now the darkenesse of the night [none,
"Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
"But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright
"Of Guizor, by thee slaine, and mured by thy sight."

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared;
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a silver censer sparkle bright,

XXXIX.

She stayd not to advise which way to take,
 But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
 Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
 Till to the bridge's further end she past,
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast;
 The other over side the bridge she cast
 Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

XL.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
 Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
 That way betwixt them none appeares in sight,
 The engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
 Th'one from the earth, and thro' the aire doth beare,
 The other it with force doth overthrow
 Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare;
 So did the championesse those two there strow,
 And to their fire their carcasses left to bestow.

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III

THE FAERY QUEENE

BOOK V. CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis church,
Where three strange visions sees;
She fights with Radigund, her slayer,
And Artegall thence frees.

VI

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define;
For th'heavens themselves, whence mortal men im-
Right in their wrongs, art rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly common-weale;
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Aegyptian kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
 A goddesse of great powre and sovereignty,
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of iustice which is equity,
 Whereof I have to treat here presently;
 Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
 Arrived, shee with great humility
 Did enter in, ne would that night depart,
 But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wise
 Of many priests, which duely did attend
 Uppon the rites and daily sacrificy,
 All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
 And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,
 They wore rich mitres shaped like the moone,
 To shew that Isis doth the moone portend,
 Likeas Osyris signifies the sunne,
 For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

V.

The championesse them greeting as she could,
 Was thence by them into the temple led,
 Whose goodly building when she did behold
 Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
 With shining gold, and arched over hed,
 She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
 Whose like before she never saw nor red,
 And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
 But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VII.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine;
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things divine,
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foote was set vpon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force; and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddess; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence defining,
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of love forsooke,
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altar's side herselfe to slumber plaste.

IXV

For other beds the priests there used none,
 But on their mother Earth's deare lap did lie;
 And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stoney
 T'enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify;
 For by the vow of their religion
 They tied were to stedfast chastity
 And continence of life, that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their devotion.

XV

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
 Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
 Even the bloud of gyants, which were slaine
 By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine;
 For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
 Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
 With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

XI.V

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red,
 Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
 To make new warre against the gods againe:
 Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
 The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
 Ne within Reason's rule her madding mood containe.

XII.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight;
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implice
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole, after those priestes guise;
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold,
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her felicity
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground, which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in icopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idoll's feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy howre,
And gaping greedy wide, did streight deuoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleffe meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he for neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwomb'd grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of light some day
Up-lifted in the porch of heauen hie;
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas,
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearefull lookes
 They might perceiue she was not well in plight,
 Or that some pensiueneſſe to heart ſhe tooke;
 Therefore this one of them, who ſeem'd in fight
 To be the greateſt and the graveſt wight,
 To her beſpake; "Sir Knight, it ſeemes to me
 "That thorough euill reſt of this laſt night,
 "Or ill apayd or much diſmayd ye be;
 "That by your change of cheare is caſie ſee to ſee."

XIX.

"Certes," ſayd ſhe, "ſith ye ſo well haue ſpide
 "The troublous paſſion of my penſiue mind,
 "I will not ſeek the ſame from you to hide;
 "But will my cares unfold, in hope to find
 "Your aide to guide me out of errour blind.
 "Say on," quoth he; "the ſecret of your hart
 "For by the holy vow which me doth bind,
 "I am adiur'd beſt counſell to impart
 "To all that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart."

XX.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
 Of all that viſion which to her appeard,
 As well as to her minde it had recourſe;
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weak ſainte-hearted man he ſaid
 Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight
 And with long locks up-ſtanding ſtiffy, ſtared
 Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright;
 So ſilb with heavenly fury thus he her behight

"Knight

XXI.

"Magnificke Virgin! that in queint disguise
 "Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 "So to pursue a perillous emprize,
 "How couldest thou weene through that disguised hood
 "To hide thy state from being understood?
 "Can from th' immortal gods ought hidden bee?
 "They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood,
 "They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
 "They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see:

XXII.

"The end whereof, and all the long event,
 "They do to thee in this same dreame discover;
 "For that same erocodile doth represent
 "The righteous knight, that is thy faithfull lover,
 "Like to Ofyris in all iust endever;
 "For that same erocodile Ofyris is,
 "That under Isis' feete doth sleepe for ever,
 "To shew that clemence oft in things amis
 "Restraines those storne behests and cruell doomes of

XXIII.

[his.

"That knight shall all the troublous stormes assuage,
 "And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
 "To hinder thee from the iust heritage
 "Of thy fire's crowne, and from thy countrey deare;
 "Then shalt thou take him to thy loved sene,
 "And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme;
 "And afterwarde a sonne to him shalt beare
 "That lion-like shall shew his power extreme.
 "So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
 dreame."

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those priests bestowed rich reward,
 And royall gifts, of gold and silver wrought,
 She for a present to their goddess brought,
 Then taking leave of them, she forward went,
 To seeke her love, where he was to be sought,
 Ne rested till she came without relent,
 Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
 Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open hold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see;
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth

XXVI.

[to hold.

So there without the gate, as seemed best,
 She caused her pavilion be pight,
 In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
 Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night,
 All night likewise they of the towne in fright,
 Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe;
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the damp of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe:

XXVII.

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warne her foe to battell soone beprest,
 Who long before awoke: (for she full ill
 Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
 Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
 Was to the battell whilome ready dight,
 Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue, all ready for the fight;
 On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazons
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tie her fons
 To serue her so as she the rest had bound;
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdain of such indignity,
 And would no lenger treat, but bad them found;
 For her no other termes should ever tie
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets found, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulehins smot;
 Ne either sought the other's strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
 Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
 So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
 For other uses then they them translated,
 Which they now hackt and hewd, as if such use they
 hated.

XXX.

As when a tygre and a lionesse
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse,
 But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay,
 And therefore lath to loose her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stand;
 To which the lion strongly doth gaine say,
 That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hand;
 And therefore ought it have wherewher she it found.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
 And dealt her blowes unmercifully fore,
 Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
 And them repaide againe with double more.
 So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
 Was filld with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
 And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
 They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
 Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should

XXXII.

[grow.

At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
 Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
 Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
 And thus upbrayding said; "This token beare
 "Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare,
 "And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
 Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
 Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love depravest;
 "Who shortly must repent that now so vainly bravest."

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grievly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold, yet soone she it requit;
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe,
But in revenge both of her love's distresse
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet clest;
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one, of sence bereft,
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left:

XXXV.

But yet, so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win,
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron sle did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-
peach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conqueresse
 Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
 Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
 Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make
 Of slaughtered carkasses, her heart did quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
 That she his fury willed him to slake,
 For else he sure had left not one alive,
 But all in his revenge of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that yron prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched love was captivd layd,
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,
 She entred into all the partes entyre;
 Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
 Of men disguiz'd in womanlike attire,
 Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
 Of so unmanly maske in misery misight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
 Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
 At sight thereof abasht with secreete shame,
 She tynd her head aside, as nothing glad
 To have beheld a spectacle so sad,
 And then, too well believ'd that which tofore
 Jealous suspect as true untruely drad;
 Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
 She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment
 Did the most chaste Penelope possesse,
 To see her lord, that was reported drent,
 And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
 Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
 After long travell of full twenty yeares,
 That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
 For many scarres and many hoary heares,
 But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

XLX

"Ah! my deare Lord! what fight is this?" quoth she,
 "What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
 "Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
 "Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont to shew
 "In bloud of kings, and great hostes to subdew?
 "Could ought on earth so wondrous change have
 "As to have robde you of that manly hew?
 "Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
 "Then farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is nought."

XLLX

Thenceforth she sleight into a bowre him brought;
 And caus'd him those uncouthly weedes undight,
 And in their steede for other rayment sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
 Which had bene rest from many a noble knight
 Whom that proud Amazon subdew'd had,
 Whilest Fortune favour'd her successe in fight,
 In which whenas she him anew had clad,
 She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale,
 During which space the there as princes rained;
 And changing all that forme of common-weale,
 The liberty of women did repeale,
 Which they had long usurpt, and them restoring
 To mens subiection, did true iustice deale,
 That all they as a goddesse her adoring,
 Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her loring;

XLIII.

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
 Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
 And magistrates of all that city made,
 And gave to them great living and large fee;
 And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
 Made them sweare fealty to Artegal;
 Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
 He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
 Upon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
 For his departure, her new cause of gricfe,
 Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
 Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
 Consisted much in that adventure's pricfe,
 The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
 Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
 That womanish complaints she did repressse,
 And tempred for the time her present heavinessse.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woe did more increase;
 Then hoping that the change of aire and place
 Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
 She parted thence, her anguish to appease:
 Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artegall,
 Went on his way, ne ever howre did cease,
 Till he redeemed had that lady thrall;
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

XLIX.

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 Till through his want her woe did more increase;
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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall

Free Samient from feare:

They slay the Soudan; drive his wife

Adicia to despaire.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse,
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his leman's traine;
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his love's sake his lion's skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's sight:
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

III.

Yet could it not sterne Artégall retaine,
 Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
 Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
 But left his love (albe her strong request)
 Faire Britomart, in languor and unrest,
 And rode himselfe uppon his first intent;
 Ne day nor night did ever idly rest,
 Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
 The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
 A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
 Before two knights, that after her did speed
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste,
 In hope to have her overhent at last;
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent,
 And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

V.

Soone after these he saw another knight,
 That after those two former rode apace
 With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might;
 So ran they all as they had bene at bace,
 They being chased that did others chace:
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turne his face;
 However loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algaes now abide, and answere make.

VI.

But th'other still pursu'd the fearefull mayd,
 Who still from him as fast away did flie,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
 Till that at length she did before her spie
 Sir Artégall, to whom she streight did hie
 With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy,
 Who seeing her approach, gan forward set
 To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his speare him quight have over-went:
 So both together ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met; but Artégall was stronger,
 And better skild in tilt and turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 Then two speares length; so mischief overmatcht the

VIII.

[wronger:]

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke,
 For on his head unhappily he pight,
 That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
 And left there dead: meane while the other knight
 Defeated had the other sayth quight,
 And all his bowels in his body brast;
 Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow pagan, which before him past.

IX.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
 Sir Artegall, without discretion
 He at him ran with ready speare in rest;
 Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made againe; so both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strooke,
 And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
 His horse's backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
 And tottred like two towres which through a tempest

X.

[quooke.

But when againe they had recovered fence,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
 For what their speares had sayd of their pretence;
 Which when the damzell, who those deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
 She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

XI.

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
 " Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus unwise
 " Upon yourselves another's wrong to wreake?
 " I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
 " Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise;
 " Witnesse the paynims both, whom ye may see
 " There dead on ground: what do ye then devise
 " Of more revenge? if more, then I am liewe
 " Which was the roote of all; and your revenge on

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weete if it were true as she had told;
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
 Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
 And ventailes reare, each other to behold:
 Tho whenas Artegall did Arthure view,
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hew,
 And, touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

XIII.

Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 "That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus fore,
 "Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
 "Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
 "Yeeld for amends my selfe your's evermore,
 "Or whatso penance shall by you be red,
 To whom the prince; "Certes me needeth more
 "To crave the same, whom errour so misled,
 "As that I did mistake the living for the ded:

XIV.

"But sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
 "Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
 "Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
 So can they both themselves full eath perswade
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing other lovingly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either other's cause to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire
 What were those knights which there on ground were
 And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire, [layd,
 And for what cause they chafed so that mayd?

"Certes I wote not well," the prince then sayd,
 "But by adventure found them faring so,
 "As by the way unwittingly I strayd,
 "And lo the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
 "Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."

XVI.

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
 And asked her what were those two her sone,
 From whom she earst so fast away did flie?
 And what was she herselfe, so woe begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them attone?
 To whom she thus; "Then wote ye well that I
 "Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
 "A princeesse of great powre and maiestie,
 "Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and

XVII.

[nie:

"Her name Mercilla most men use to call,
 "That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
 "For her great bounty knowne over all
 "And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
 "She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
 "The malice of her foes which hex envy,
 "And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
 "Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
 "And even to her foes her mercies multiply."

XVIII.

" Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
 " There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
 " That with most fell despight and deadly hate
 " Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
 " And all his powre doth thereunto apply;
 " And her good knights (of which so brave a band
 " Serves her as any princeesse under sky)
 " He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
 " Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

" Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
 " Which he unto her people does each day,
 " But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill
 " Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay;
 " That, O ye Heavens! defend, and turne away
 " From her unto the miscreant himselfe,
 " That neither hath religion nor fay,
 " But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
 " And idoles serves; so let his idols serve the else.

XX.

" To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
 " He is provokt, and stirr'd up day and night
 " By his bad wife, that hight Adicia,
 " Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
 " To breake all bonds of law and rules and right;
 " For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
 " To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
 " Working to all that love her deadly woe,
 " And making all her knights and people to doe so.

.LXXI.

" Which my liege lady seeing, thought it best
 " With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
 " For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
 " Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
 " And all forepast displeasures to repeale;
 " So me in message unto her she sent,
 " To treat with her by way of enterdeale
 " Of fihall peace and faire attonement,
 " Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII.

" All times have went safe passage to afford
 " To messengers that come for causes iust,
 " But this prond dame disdayning all accord,
 " Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
 " Reviling me, and rayling as she lust,
 " But, lastly, to make proove of utmost shame,
 " Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
 " Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 " That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII.

" And, lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
 " When I was gone, soone after me she sent
 " These two false knights, whom there ye lying see,
 " To be by them dishonoured and shent;
 " But thank't be God and your good hardiment,
 " They have the price of their owne folly payd."
 So said this damzell, that hight Samient,
 And to those knights for their so noble ayd [payd.
 Herselfe most gratefull shewd, and heaped thanks re-

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard and scene
 All those great wrongs the which that mayd com-
 To have bene done against her lady queene [plained
 By that proud dame, which her so much disdaind,
 Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained
 With all their force to worke avengement strong
 Upon the Souldan selfe which it mayntained,
 And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
 And uppon all those knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
 To their defeigne to make the easier way,
 They did this complot twixt themselves devise;
 First that Sir Artegall should him array
 Like one of those two knights which dead there lay,
 And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
 Should as his purchast prize with him convey
 Unto the Souldan's court, her to present
 Unto his scornefull lady, that for her had sent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
 Him clad in th' armour of a pagan knight,
 And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
 That damzell, led her to the Souldan's sight;
 Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
 Forth of her window as she looking lay,
 She weened straight it was her paynim knight
 Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray,
 And sent to him a page that mote direct his way.

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
 Offred his service to disarme the knight;
 But he refusing him to let unlace,
 For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
 Kept him selfe still in his straunge armour dight:
 Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
 And sending to the Souldan in despight
 A bold defyance, did of him requere
 That damsell whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan, all with furie fraught,
 Swearing and banning most blasphemiously,
 Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
 And mounting straight upon a charret hye,
 With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
 And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
 He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfed
 Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred:

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
 Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene
 The Briton prince him readie did awayte,
 In glistering armes right goodly well besene,
 That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene;
 And by his stirrup Talis did attend,
 Playing his page's part, as he had bene
 Before directed by his lord, to th'end
 He should his faile to small execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cause's truth he trusted then in might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheeles in his first rage's heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained.

XXXII.

[scorne :

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew;
Yet as he passed by, the pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himself transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the prince unto his chariet high,
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,
 And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
 So fast away, that ere his readie speare
 He could advance, he farre was gone and past;
 Yet still he him did follow every where,
 And followed was of him likewise fall fast,
 So long as in his fleeces the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV.

Againe the pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant store
 On every side of his embatteld cart,
 And of all other weapons lesse or more,
 Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore;
 The wicked shaft, guyded through th'ayrie wyde
 By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
 And made a grisly wound in his enriuen side.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
 That opened had the welspring of his blood,
 But much the more that to his hatefull foe
 He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood;
 That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
 Which being wounded of the huntsman's hand,
 Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
 Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
 And sentt himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he sought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheelles about him whirled round;
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renownd,
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach,
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach;
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away;
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew;
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th'onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deer dismayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly, as them their fecte could beare,
 High over hilles and lowly over dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare:
 In vaine the pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
 And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
 'The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought awayles;
 They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
 But go which way they list; their guide they have for-

XL.

[lore.

As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which drew
 'The sunnes bright wayne to Phaëton's decay,
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
 With ugly craples crawling in their way,
 'The dreadfull sight did them so fore assay,
 'That their well-knownen courses they forwent,
 And leading th'ever burning lampe astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
 Soone as the infant's sunlike shield they saw,
 'That all obedience both to words and deeds
 'They quite forgot, and scornd all former law;
 'Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines, they did
 'The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare, [draw
 And tost the paynim without feare or awe;
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vaine thatould his crying heare.

XLII.

Yet still the prince purfew'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind :
 At last they have all overthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turvey, and the pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the Greene.

XLIII.

Like as the curfed sonne of Theseus,
 That following his chace in dewy morne,
 To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,
 Of his own steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
 That for his sake Diana did lament,
 And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne;
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to bruisd and broken;
 He up did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
 How worthily by Heaven's high decree
 Iustice that day of Wrong herselfe had wroken,
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrant's dore
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
 To be a monument for evermore:
 Which when his ladie from the castle's hight
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright;
 Yet not as women-wont, in dolefull fitt,
 She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
 But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
 And gan eftsoones devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
 That is berobbed of her youngling dore,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
 To wreake her on that mayden-messengere
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
 By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
 That brought her backe; and comming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husband's murdered infant out;
 Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
 Her brother's bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother mongst the rout
 Of Bacchus' priests her owne deare flesh did teare:
 Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
 Nor all the Menades so furious were,
 As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

XLVIII.

But Artegall being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did come whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught,
And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path;
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tigre, and that tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L.

Then Artegall himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part, and to the Souldan lout;
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame,
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LXXX

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
 And there the prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph enterdayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array
 And roiall pompe which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay:
 So both for rest there having stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song.

LXXXI

As a man of warre, when he doth see
 His enemye in danger of his life,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,
 And he doth see him in the hand of death,

LXXXII

Then Amorette him selfe did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see
 In the hand of death, and he did see

LXXXIII

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay;
They to Mercillaes pällace come,
And see her rich array.

I.

WHAT tygre or what other salvage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts and salvage woods to dwell,
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreaded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked howre.

II.

There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble princee, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
 Well solast in that Souldan's late delight,
 They both resolving now to leave the place,
 Both it and all the wealth therein, behight
 Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
 And so would have departed on their way;
 But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
 And earnestly besought to wend that day
 With her, to see her ladie, thence not farre away.

IV.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen,
 Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
 As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
 Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
 A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay,
 To weet, a wicked villaine bold and stout,
 Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
 That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
 And brought the pillage home, whence none could get

V.

[it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
 And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
 Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde;
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
 So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
 That could deceive one looking in his face;
 Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
 Well knowen by his seates, and famous over all.

VII.

Through these his sights he many doth confound;
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre under ground;
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell;
And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

VII.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts gan
To understand that villain's dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let your pace
Towards my ladies presence by you ment,
"I would you guyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent,
"For neither will one foot till we that carle have hent."

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approached ny
Unto the rocke where was the villain's won;
Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be don;
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayning pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,
Can weepe and wayle; as if great grieve had her af-

X.

[fected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have;
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curl'd locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stufte, but all to worne and ragged;
And underneath his breech was all to torne and iag-

XI.

[ged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,
And ever round about he cast his looke;
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

XII.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ngly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride;
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare, and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herself unwares he might her steale the

XIII.

[whyle.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay;
So did the villanie to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away;
For he in flights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud; but whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did purfew,
 The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still :
 Up to the rocke he ran, and threeron flew
 Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
 That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
 Ne ought awayled for the armed knight
 To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
 To follow him, for he was swift in chace :
 He him purfewd wherever that he went,
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
 Wherefo he fled, he followd him apace,
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base :
 There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
 To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himfelfe he first did tourne,
 But he him hunted like a foxe full fast;
 Then to a bush himfelfe he did transforme,
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
 But he then stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell upon the land;
 But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the knights;
 And to his lord Sir Artegall it lent;
 Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights;
 Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent;
 Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
 And prickt him so that he away it threw;
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Being returned to his former hew;
 But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX.

But whenas he would to a snake againe
 Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
 Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
 That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
 So did decept the selfe deceiver fayle:
 There they him left a carrion outcast,
 For beasts and soules to feede upon for their repast.

XX.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
 To see her ladie, as they did agree;
 To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
 "Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye bee
 "Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see;
 "There shall ye see my soverayne lady queene,
 "Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
 "That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
 "Or that with diademe bath ever crowned beene."

XXI.

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
 The prayes of that prince so manifold,
 And passing litle further, commen were
 Where they a stately pallace did behold
 Of pompous show, much more then he had told,
 With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
 And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
 That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
 And with their brightnesse daz'd the strange beholders

XXII.

[eye.

There they afigthing, by that damzell were
 Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
 Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
 Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
 Yet warded well by one of mickle might
 That sare thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
 To keepe out Guyle, and Malice, and Despight,
 That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
 Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath and

XXIII.

[hindrance:

His name was Awe, by whom they passing in,
 Went up the Hall, that was a large wyde roome,
 All full of people making troublous din
 And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
 Which unto them was dealing righteous doome;
 By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
 The marshall of the Hall to them did come,
 His name hight Order, who commaunding peace,
 Them guydeth through the throng, that did their clamors cease.

XXIV.

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgments, that more not be broken
For any bribes, or threates of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There as they entred, at the Seriene they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespassse vyl-
Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law,
For that therewith he falsly did recyle,
And foule blasphame that quene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speeches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compile;
For the bold title of a poet had
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymics had spread.

XXVI.

Thus there he stood, whilest high ower his head
There written was the purport of his sin
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bonfons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in;
So now *Malson* was plainly to be red,
Eyther for th'evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welshed
Of evill words, and wicked sleanders by him shed.

XXVII.

They passing by, were guyded by degree
 Unto the presence of that gracious-queene,
 Who sate on high that she might all men see,
 And might of all men royally be seene,
 Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
 Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
 As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
 Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device,
 And all embost with lyons and with flourdelyce.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
 Not of rich tiffew nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
 Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
 And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
 Mongst which crept litle angels through the glittering

XXIX.

[gleames.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did beare the pendants through their nimbleffe bold;
 Besides a thousand more of such as sing
 Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
 Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
 She angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
 And mightie conquerors, in royall state,
 Whyleft kings and kesars at her feet. did them pro-

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand;
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely bread,
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state,
All lovely daughters of high love, that hight
Lixæ, by him begot in love's delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those, they say,
Upon love's iudgment-seat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

XXXII.

They also doe by his divine permission
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments cleane,
And sacred Reuerence, yborne of heavenly firene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
 Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
 Whylest underneath her feete, there as she fate,
 An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
 An hardie courage, like captived thrall,
 With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not move nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
 And softly royne, when salvage eholer gan redound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
 Those two straunge knights were to her presence
 Who bowing low before her maiestie, [brought,
 Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
 And meekest boone that they imagine mought,
 To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
 As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
 Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
 Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
 And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
 So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
 Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
 Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
 That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
 And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base;
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard,
But at the sight of these those were awhile debard.

XXXVII.

But after all her princely entertaynie,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe leftsoones she gan convert againe,
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought as prisoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface;
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach;
 And rare insight, hard matters to revele,
 That well could charme his tongue, and time his
 To all assayes; his name was called Zele:
 He gan that ladie strongly to appele
 Of many haynous crymes by her enured,
 And with sharp reasons rang her such a peile,
 That those whom she to pitie had allured,
 He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this that seem'd so faire
 And royally arayd, Duesse hight,
 That false Duesse, which had wrought great care
 And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
 By her beguyled and confounded quight;
 But not for those she now in question came;
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,
 But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
 Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
 With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
 (Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
 And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
 And with them practiz'd how for to depryve
 Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
 That she might it unto herselfe deryve,
 And triumph in their blood whom she to death did

XLII.

But through high Heaven's grace, which favour not
 The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
 Gainst loial princes, all this cursed plot,
 Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
 And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
 Such be the meede of all that by such meane
 Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes;
 But false Duesse, now untitled queene,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here wasto be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foule defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggravate the horror of her blame;
 And with him to make part against her came
 Many grave persons that against her pled:
 First was a sage old fyre, that had to name
 The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
 With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
 And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
 And reasons brought that no man could refute;
 Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
 High God's behest, and powre of holy lawes;
 Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
 Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
 And, lastly, Iustice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV.

But then for her on the contrarie part
 Rose many advocates for her to plead;
 First there came Pittie, with full tender hart,
 And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
 And then came Daunger, that staining hidden'd dead,
 And high alliance unto fethered powre;
 Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick flowre;
 And, lastly, Griefe did plead, and many teares forth

.XLVI.

[powre.

With the neare touch, whereof in tender hart
 The Briton prince was sore compassionate,
 And woxe inclin'd much unto her part,
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
 And wretched ruine of so high estate,
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent;
 Which whereas Zele perceiv'd to abate,
 He gan his earnest servour to augment,
 And many fearefull objects to them to present.

.XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidences anew,
 And new accusements to produce in place;
 He brought forth that old bag of hellish hew,
 The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,
 Who privie was and partie in the case;
 She, glad of spayle and ruinous decay,
 Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace
 The plot of all her practise did display;
 And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII

Then brought he forth, with grisly grim aspect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detest,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe;
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore;
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie, her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused fore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie estfoones was drawn cleene;
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of iustice was against her bent;
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for indgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for iustice gainst the thrall.

L.

But she, whose princely breast was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let instead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light,
The which she covering with her purple pall,
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall:

IN VIX

THE FAERY QUEENE.**BOOK V. CANTO X.**

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
 For Belge for to fight;
 Gerionco's seneſchall
 He ſlayes in Belge's right.

I.

SOME clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
 Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
 To weeten Mercie, be of Iuſtice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate:
 This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
 And meriteth to haue as high a place,
 Sith in th' Almightyes euerlaſting ſeat
 She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
 From thence pour'd down on men by influence of

II.

[grace.

For if that vertue be of ſo great might,
 Which from iuſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
 But to preſerue inuolated right
 Oft ſpilles the principall to ſave the part;
 So much more then is that of powre and art,
 That ſeekes to ſave the ſubieſt of her ſkill,
 Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart;
 As it is greater prayſe to ſave then ſpill,
 And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molueas?
Those nations farre thy iustice doe adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Arregall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all,
But by her tempred without grieve or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
And yet even then ruing her witfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V.

During all which those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtseys
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie patterns of her clemencies,
Which till this day amongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and of her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her name was Belge, who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes, which who had scene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood;
For twelve of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th'armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

IX.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whylome in Spaine so fore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd,
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd :

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight,
Orthrus, begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night,
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight,
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides' club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his fyre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happynesse,
Being then new-made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late deceasse,
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant of her widowbed
 Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
 Himselfe and service to her offered,
 Her to defend against all forrein foes,
 That should their powre against her right oppose?
 Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chuse,
 Which long he us'd with carefull diligence,
 The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
 To doe whatever he thought good or fit,
 Which having got, he gaue forth from that houre
 To stirre up strife and many a tragicke howre,
 Giving her dearest children one by one
 Unto a dreadfull monster to deuoure,
 And setting up an idols of his owne
 The image of his monstrous parent Greyene.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
 The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
 But unto gracions great Mercilla call
 For ayde against that cruell tyrant's thefts,
 Ere all her children be from her had rest:
 Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
 To seeke for succour of this ladies giest,
 To whom their fate they humbly did present
 In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare,
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprize to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it; then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre,
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens sayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind becene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him still prepare;
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
 Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad,
 Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
 And into moores and marshes banisht had,
 Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad
 In which she went to harbour happily;
 But now his cruelty so fore she drad,
 That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
 And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
 All solitarie without living wight;
 For all her other children through affray
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight;
 And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
 When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
 But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
 She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully;
 For well she wist this knight came succour to supply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy ioyes,
 Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
 And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet Boyes!"
 Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to seele,
 " And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
 " Now rise againe at this your ioyous fight.
 " Alreadie seemes that Fortune's headlong wheele
 " Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
 " Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
 knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him: "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylefome paine,
" For wretched woman, miserable wight;
" May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
" For so great travell as you doe sustaine;
" For other meede may hope for none of mee,
" To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine,
" And that so wretched one, as ye doe see
" It liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low dismounting from his lofty steede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede;
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mite rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend:

XXIII.

"Ay me!" sayd she, "and whither shall I goe?
" Are not all places full of forraine powres?
" My pallaces possessed of my foe,
" My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
" Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
" Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
" In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
" Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
" And harbour here in safety from those ravenous
dogs."

XXIV.

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare Ladie! with me goe,
 "Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
 "If not, we will it force maugre your foe,
 "And purchase it to us with speare and shield;
 "And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
 "The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
 With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
 And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him

XXV.

[wends.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
 The which whylome that ladies owne had bene,
 But now by force extort out of her hand
 By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
 Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
 Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
 Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
 And in her necke a castle huge had made,
 The which did her commaund without needing per-

XXVI.

[swade.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
 Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
 And that same citie, so now ruinate,
 Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
 Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
 Till that th'offended Heavens list to lowre
 Upon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne:
 When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
 Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstand,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new,
Impos'd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God, to dedicate his idole most untrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this castle Greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beset,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named,
Offering to him, in sinfull sacrifice,
The flesh of men, to God's owne likeness framed,
And pouring forth their blood in brutish wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more better and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idole's altar stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never scene of none
That lives on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrifone,
 And set a seneschall of dreaded might,
 That by his powre oppressed every one,
 And vanquished all venturous knights in fight,
 To whom he wout shew all the shame he might,
 After that them in battell he had wonne;
 To which when now they gan approach in fight,
 The ladie counfeld him the place to shonne,
 Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard,
 But ryding streight under the castle-wall,
 Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
 Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
 Into the field their tyrant's seneschall;
 To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
 Gals for his armes, and arming him withall,
 Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
 And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
 And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
 Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
 That seem'd their foules they would have ryven quight
 Out of their breasts with furious despight;
 Yet could the seneschal's no entrance find
 Into the prince's shield where it empight,
 So pure the metall was and well refynd,
 But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

XXXIII.

Not so the prince's; but with restless force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habericon and eke his corse,
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground,
Gave leave unto his ghost, from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grisly shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might:

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace,
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder,
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him which in the midst did ryde
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, and pierst through either syde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellows saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away,
And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whilst they entering th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he over-hent,
And, as he pressed in him there did stay,
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate, but that same lampe of day,
Whose grudging ghost was therout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the prince hard pressed in betweene,
And entraunce wonne; freight th'other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the skrene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conveyd out at a posterne doore:
Long sought the prince; but when he found no more
T'oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto her shewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
 For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
 Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
 With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
 And honoured him with all that her behoved:
 Thenceforth into that castle he her led,
 With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
 Where all that night themselves they cherished,
 And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

I.

I often take in count the common life,
 That right long time is overborne of wrong,
 Through ravine, or power, or guile, or strife,
 That weathers her, and makes her party strong,
 But justice, though her home she does prolong,
 Yet at the last she will her own right bring,
 As by this little scene, whose wrongs though long
 She suffered, yet at length she this redress
 And rest redress she got by this brave knight's might.

II.

Whence when news was to that knight brought,
 How that the lady Belgoe now had found
 A champion, that had with his champion fought,
 And laid his wounded low on the ground,
 And the knight that to her was so bound,
 He came to him, and him in love,
 And him in love, and him in love,

Volume V.

P

viewed,
 shewed:

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight;
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

I.

IT often fals in course of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right,
As by sad Belge seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound;
Yet sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.

Nathelesse himselſe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the caſtle which they conquerd had;
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the caſtle-gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

IV.

The prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to devize,
But opening ſtreight the ſparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And asked him if that he were the ſame
Who all that wrong unto that woſull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame?
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

V.

With that ſo furioſly at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold prince was forced ſoore to give
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight,
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive;
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advantage eke he had
 Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
 Besides the double strength which in them was;
 For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
 He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
 From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse fly
 Could wield about, that ere it were espyde,
 The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
 Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use whenas the prince perceived,
 He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
 Least by such slight he were unwarres deceived,
 And ever ere he saw the stroke to land,
 He would it meete and warily withstand.
 One time when he his weapon saynd to shift,
 As he was went, and chaug'd from hand to hand,
 He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
 That quite smit off his arme as he it up did list.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain,
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
 And sodainly t'avenge him selfe againe,
 Gan into one assemble all the night
 Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all;
 But the sad Steele seizd not where it was hight,
 Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
 And lighting on his horse's bread him quite did maul.

IX.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
 And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,
 But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
 And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
 Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
 He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
 And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
 One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
 Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftsonnes againe his axe he raught on hie,
 Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
 And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
 That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
 Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
 He had him surely cloven quite in twaine;
 But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
 So well was tempred, that for all his maine
 It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
 That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
 As if he would have tottered to one side;
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay
 That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
 And smote at him with so importune might,
 That two more of his armes did fall away
 Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchet's slight
 Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe, with horrors great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaunce and sweat,
And gnast his teeth, and his head at him strooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly look.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To save himselfe from those his furious beats,
And watch aduantage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire;
For as he in his rage him over-strooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body

XIV.

[strooke.

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lump remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th'earth for very Death's disdain,
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the house of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand;
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon these warriors, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

XVI.

But Belge with her sonnes, prostrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some wo,
Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted Knight!
"The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
"That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
"And these weake imps replanted by thy might,
"What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
"But even that which thou savedst thine still to re-

XVII.

[maine?"]

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying, "Deare Lady! deedes ought not be scand
"By th'author's manhood, nor the doer's might,
"But by their trueth and by the cause's right:
"That same is it which fought for you this day.
"What other meed then need me to requight,
"But that which yeeldeth vertue's meed alway?
"That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

XVIII.

She humbly thank't him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd, "Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
 "Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
 "As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
 "That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
 "Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
 "Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace."
 "What is there elſe," ſayd he, "left of their rout?
 "Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not ſtand in dout."

XIX.

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
 "There ſtands an idole of great note and name,
 "The which this gyaunt reared firſt on hie,
 "And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame,
 "To whom for endleſſe horreur of his ſhame
 "He offred up for daily ſacrifice
 "My children and my people, burnt in flame,
 "With all the tortures that he could devize,
 "The more t'aggrate his god with ſuch his blouddy

XX.

[guize.

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
 "An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
 "And feedes on all the carkafſes that die
 "In ſacrifice unto that curſed ſeend,
 "Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw nor kend
 "That ever ſcap'd; for of a man they ſay
 "It has the voice, that ſpeeches forth doth ſend,
 "Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
 "Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire de-
 cay."

XXI.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire that monster to assay;
And prayd the place of his abode to learne;
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe straight way
Thereto address, and his bright shield display:
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issued from under th' altar's shooke
A dreadful scend, with foule deformed lookt,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyeen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretcht forth, that nigh filld all the place;
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength,
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidia bace,
Or other like infernall ferie kinde,
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horror which did lurke behinde;
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
 A lion's clawes with powre and rigour clad,
 To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;
 A dragon's taile, whose sting without redresse
 Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight;
 An eagle's wings for scope and speedinesse,
 That nothing may escape her reaching might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
 Unto that monster whom the Theban knight,
 The father of that fatall progeny,
 Made kill herselfe for very heart's despight
 That he had red her riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole;
 So also did this monster use like slight
 To many a one which came unto her schoole,
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
 The armed prince with shield so blazing bright
 Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
 And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
 That backe she would have turnd for great affright;
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That forst her turne againe in her despight
 To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

XXVII.

Tho when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend;
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend,
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lion's claws he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

XXIX.

As when the mast of some well-fimbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whilest still she stands astonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile,
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

XXX.

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
 That all the people, there without, it heard,
 And Belge' false was therewith flouded sore,
 As if the onely sound thereof she feared;
 But then the feend herselfe more fiercely reard
 Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 With all her body at his head and beard,
 That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to

XXXI.

[rew :

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,
 Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrailles made an open way
 To issue forth; the which, once being brast,
 Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gush't,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 Most ugly filth, and payson therewith mixt,
 That him nigh choaked with the deadly sinke;
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

XXXII.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
 Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blaek,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
 That any man would nigh awshaped make;
 Whom when he saw on ground he was full glad,
 And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
 With Belge, who watcht all this while full sad,
 Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
 She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,
 Lauding and praying his renowned worth
 By all the names that honorable were:
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
 The present of his paines, that monster's spoyle,
 And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dore,
 Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
 In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely foyle.

XXXIV.

Then all the people which beheld that day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
 And all the damzels of that towne in ray
 Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
 So him they led through all their streetes along,
 Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
 And all the vulgar did about them throng,
 To see the man whose everlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV.

There he with Belge did awhile remaine,
 Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
 Untill he had her settled in her raine
 With safe assuraunce and establishment;
 Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
 Full loath to Belge and to all the rest,
 Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
 And to his former iourney him address,
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI.

But turne we now to noble Artegall,
 Who having left Merellia, straightway went
 On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
 To weete, to worke Irenæes franchisement,
 And eke Grantortoës worthy punishment:
 So forth he fared, as his manner was,
 With onely Talus wayting diligent;
 Through many perils, and much way did pas,
 Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld, by the way he met
 An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
 Who through his yeares long since aside had set
 The use of armes, and battell quite forgone;
 To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
 That it was he which whilome did attend
 On faire Irene in her affliction,
 When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
 Unto his soveraine queene her suite for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
 "Haile, good Sir Sergis! truest knight alive,
 "Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than
 "When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
 "What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
 "Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
 "Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"
 To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and found,
 "But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

XXXIX.

" For she, presuming on th' appointed tyme,
 " In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
 " To meete her at the Salvage Iland's syde,
 " And then and there for triall of her right
 " With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
 " Did thither come, where she, afraid of nought,
 " By guilefull treason and by subtilt flight
 " Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
 " Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

XLIX

" And now he hath to her prefixed a day,
 " By which if that no champion doe appeare,
 " Which will her cause in battailous array
 " Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
 " Of all those crimes that he against her doth reare,
 " She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
 And grieved sore that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that tyrant's hand and usage bad.

XLIX

Then thus replide; " Now sure, and by my life,
 " Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
 " That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
 " Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 " Which by default I have not yet defraide;
 " But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens, that know
 " How cleare I am from blame of this upbraid;
 " For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 " And kept from accomplishing the faith which I did owe.

Quies

XLII.

"But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
 "Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
 "Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of grace,
 "For that he weeneth well before that tide
 "None can have tidings to assist her side;
 "For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 "He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
 "That none can there arrive without an hoste;
 "So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

XLIII.

"Now turne againe," Sir Artegall then sayd,
 "For if I live till those ten daies have end,
 "Assure yourselfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
 "Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
 So backward he attone with him did wend
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kende,
 Flocking together in confusde array,
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cause to know,
 They saw a knight in daungerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse;
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage with-
 stands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, no any perill spares
 To rescue her from their rude violence,
 And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defences;
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great
 That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save,
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name,
 For from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant knight with endles shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout.
 They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule; untill that yron man
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare began to grette them faire,
 And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
 In saving him from dangerous despaire
 Of those which fought his life for to empaire;
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfate,
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere?

XLIX.

To whom he thus; " My name is Barbon hight,
 " Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
 " Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
 " That all my former praise hath blemisht fore;
 " And that faire lady, which in that upore
 " Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
 " Is mine own love, though me she have foreloze;
 " Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 " Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L.

" But sure to me her faith she first did plight
 " To be my love, and take me for her lord,
 " Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
 " With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 " Entyce'd her to him for to accord.
 " O who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
 " Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 " And to my foe hath guilefully consented.
 " Ay me! that ever guyle in women was invented!

VLI.

" And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
 " By open force to fetch her quite away,
 " Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have bent
 " To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 " Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
 " For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 " And with unequal might doe over-lay,
 " That oft I driven am to great distresse,
 " And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedileffe.

LII.

" But why have ye," said Artegall, " forborne
 " Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
 " That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne
 " Which unto any knight behappen may,
 " To loose the badge that should his deedes display.
 To whom Sir Barbon, blushing halfe for shame,
 " That shall I unto you," quoth he, " bewray,
 " Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 " And deeme it doen of will that through inforcement

LIII.

[came.

" True is that I at first was dubbed knight
 " By a good knight, the Knight of the Red-crosse,
 " Who when he gave me armes in field to fight,
 " Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
 " His deare Redeemer's badge upon the bosse;
 " The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 " Fought many battels without wound or losse;
 " Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
 " And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV.

" But for that many did that shield envie,
 " And cruell enemies increased more,
 " To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
 " That bloudie scutchin being battred fore,
 " I layd aside, and have of late forborne,
 " Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned,
 " Yet can I not my love have nathemore;
 " For she by force is still from me detayned,
 " And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-

LV.

[trayned."

To whom thus Artegall; " Certes, Sir Knight,
 " Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine,
 " Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
 " That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
 " As to abandon that which doth containe
 " Yout honour's stile, that is your warlike shield:
 " All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine,
 " Then losse of same in disaventrous field;
 " Dye rather then doe ought that mote dishonour

LVI.

[yeeld.

" Not so," quoth he; " for yet when time doth serve,
 " My former shield I may resume againe:
 " To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
 " Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
 " Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
 " Fie on such forgerie," said Artegall,
 " Under one hood to shadow faces twaine;
 " Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all;
 " Of all things to dissemble foully may befall."

LVII.

" Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
 Said Butbon, " to assist me now at need
 " Against these peasants which have me oppress,
 " And forced me to so infamous deed,
 " That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
 Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
 His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 And buckling him estsoones unto the fight,
 Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and

LVIII.

[might.

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible alarme,
 And over all the fields themselves did muster,
 With bills and glayves making a dreadfull luster,
 That forst at first those knights backe to retyre;
 As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
 Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inquire.

LIX.

But wheras overblowen was that brunt,
 Those knights began afresh them to assayle;
 And all about the fields like squirrels hunt,
 But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote awayle,
 Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both over hill and dale;
 The raskall manie soone they overthrew,
 But the two knights themselves their captains did
 subdew.

LXI.

At last they came whereas that ladie hode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad;
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight,
But that those villens through their usage had
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXII.

But Burbon streight, dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But she back-starting, with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXIII.

Sayd Artegall, "What foule disgrace is this
" To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
" To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
" With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
" Or change of love for any wrld's delight
" Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
" As prayse and honour? or is nought so bright
" And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
" Whose goodly light then Phoebus' lamp doth shine
more cleare?

LXIII.

" Why then will ye, fond Dame! attempted bee
 " Unto a stranger's love, so lightly placed,
 " For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
 " To leaue the love that ye before embraced,
 " And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
 " Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
 " And honour with indignitie debased;
 " Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
 " But dearer then them both your faith once plighted

LXIV.

[hold.]

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her heart;
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;
 But hanging down her head with heauie cheare
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare;
 Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd,
 And clasping twixt his armes, her up-did reare
 Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-sayd,
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathlesse the yron man did still purswe
 That raskall many with unpittied spoyle,
 Ne ceassed not till all their scattered crew
 Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle;
 The which they troubled had with great turmoyle;
 But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
 Commanded him from slaughter to recoyle,
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
 For that the terme approaching fast required speed.

LXXXI

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield;
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaith him in field.

LXXXII

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

II.

Witnesse may Burbon be, whom all the bands
Which may a knight assure had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithles and unsound:
And witnesse be Gerioneo sound,
Who for like cause faire Belge did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse

III.

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having since
Taken in hand th'exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoe,
Through other great adventures hether too
Had it forsackt; but now time drawing ny
To him assynd her high behest to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To wete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

IV.

The when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbade to land, and footing did forstall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land reſtaine,
But whēas nigh unto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth isſew,
Though darts from shore, and stones, they at him
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Mangre the might of all those trou pes in vew,
Did win the shore, whence he them chaste away,
And made to fly like doves whom th' eagle doth affray.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artëgall with that old knight finisht
 Did forth descend, their being none them neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in sight;
 By this came tydings to the tyrant's care,
 By those which earst did fly away for feare
 Of their arrivall, wherewith troubled sore,
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,
 And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to have incountred ere they left the shore:

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force;
 But Talus sternely did upon them set,
 And brusht and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattred over all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seede after the sower's hand:

VIII.

Till Artëgall him seeing so to rage
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make;
 To which all harkning, did awhile asswage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughter's sake
 He thether came, but for to trie the right
 Of sayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight;

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
 His scattred people; ere they all were slaine,
 And chose a place convenient to areed,
 In which they two the combat might darraigne:
 Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
 The morrow next, he gave him longer day;
 So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
 There to be pitched on the open plaine,
 For he had given streight commaundement
 That none should dare him once to entertaine,
 Which none durst breake, though many would right
 For faire Irena, whom they loved deare;
 But yet, old Sergis did so well him paine,
 That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
 He all things did purway which for them needful were.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
 Appointed for Irena's death before,
 So soone as it did to the world display
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
 The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
 Of Artegal's arrival her to free,
 Lookt up with eyes full sad, and hart full sore,
 Weening her life's last howre then neare to bee,
 Sigh no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

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 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose; and on herselfe did dight
 Most squalid garments; fit for such a day;
 And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay;
 For to receive the doome of her decay;
 But comming to the place, and finding there
 Sir Artegall in battailous array
 Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
 And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
 That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
 Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
 Dispreeds the glorie of her leaves gay;
 Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
 When Artegall she saw in that array,
 There wayting for the tyrant till it was farre day.

XIV.

Who came at length with proud presumptuous gate
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
 All armed in a coise of yron plate,
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
 And on his head a Steele-cap he did weare
 Of colour rustie-browne; but sure and strong;
 And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
 Whose steale was yron-fludded, but not long
 With which he went to fight, to iustifie his wrong:

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was;
 Like to a giant for his monstrous hight;
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
 Ne ever any found his match in might;
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
 His face was ugly, and his countenance sterne,
 That could have frayd one with the very sight,
 And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
 That whether man or monster one could scarce dis-

XVI.

[cerne.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
 With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
 As if he would have daunted him with feare,
 And grinning griesly, did against him weld
 His deadly weapon, which in hand he held;
 But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like fight,
 Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
 But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
 And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trumpets sound, and they together goe
 With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
 And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
 To doe most dammage whereas most they ment;
 But with such force and furie violent
 The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
 That through the yron walles their way they rent,
 And even to the vitall parts they past,
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they clef or brast.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
 Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
 He shund his strokes where-ever they did fall,
 And way did giue unto their gracelesse speed;
 As when a skillfull marriner doth reed
 A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
 He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
 But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
 And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abear,
 And stouped oft his head from shame to shield;
 No shame to stoupe one's head, more high to reare,
 And much to gain a litle for to yield;
 So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field:
 But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
 And did his yron axe so nimble wield,
 That many wounds into his flesh it made,
 And with his burdenous blowes him fore did over-lade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
 The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
 His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
 Under his stroke he to him stepping neare,
 Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
 That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously,
 Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
 And all his armour did with purple dye;
 Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could

XXII.

[wraft.

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about;
Nathlesse for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe:
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then aforc.

XXIII.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the soule thereof full sore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother Earth he fed;
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him saw,
 They shouted all for ioy of his success,
 Glad to be quit from that proud tyrant's awe,
 Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
 And running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
 To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humblenesse,
 As their true liege and princeesse naturall,
 And eke her champions glorie sounded over all:

XXV.

Who straight her leading with meeete maiestie
 Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
 Did her therein establishe peaccable,
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That tyrant's part with close or open ayde,
 He forely punished with heauey payne,
 That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
 Not one was left that durst her once haue disobayd:

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne,
 His studie was true iustice how to deale,
 And day and night employ'd his busie paine
 How to reforme that ragged common-wele:
 And that same yron man, which could reueale
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
 To search out those that vsd to rob and steale,
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull government,
 On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment:

XXVII.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was fōrt to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that realme for to redresse;
But Envies cloud still dimmeth Vertue's ray
So having freed Irena from distresse,
He took his leave of her, there left in heavinesse.

XXVIII.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the Grand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met
By the way-side, being together set;
Two grieſly creatures; and to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and mademost ugly cases.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt, and her soule heart
Hung loose and loathſomely; thereto her haw
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew;
And as she spake, therewith she flavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse she

XXX.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never wast
 In all her life, with long nayles over-raught
 Like puttocks clawes; with th'one of which she
 Her cursed head, although it itched naught; [scratcht
 The other held a snake with venime fraught,
 On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;
 That round about her iawes one might descry
 The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envie, knowne well thereby,
 Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
 That ever she sees doen prayse-worthily;
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
 And vexeth so, that makes her cate her gall;
 For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall;
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
 Meat fit for such a mouser's monstrous dyet.

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
 That had to any happily betide,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
 Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward bid;
 But if she heard of ill that any did,
 Or harme that any had, then would she make
 Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
 And in another's losse great pleasure take;
 As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree;
For whatsoe Envie good or bad did fynd,
Shee did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spread abroad and throw in th'open wynd;
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have be-

XXXIV.

[reaved.

For whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doene she heard, she would straightwayes invent
How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment;
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it ecke, and make much worse by telling;
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envie selfe excelling
In mischief; for herselfe she onely vext,
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort;
 Foming with payson round about her gills;
 In which her curst tongue, full sharpe and short,
 Appear'd like asps sting, that closely kills;
 Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which the litle spinnes, but spils,
 And faynes to weave false tales and dealings bad,
 To throw amongst the good which others had disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
 And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall,
 For whom they wayted as his mortall fone;
 How they might make him into mischief fall,
 For freeing from their snares Irena thfall:
 Besides unto themselves they gotten had
 A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
 A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by sights allur'd, and to their purpose

XXXVIII.

[lad,

Such were these bags, and so unhandsome creft;
 Who when they nigh approching had espyde
 Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
 As it had bene two shepheards corres had scryde
 A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes;
 And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
 Towardes him rans, and with rude flaring lockes
 About her eares, does beat her brest, and forehead
 knockes.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which while she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chewed thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other coming neare, gan him revile,
And foully rayle with all she could invent,
Saying that he had with unmanly guile
And foule abuson both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent;
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine:

XLII.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake
 Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
 That they, the mildest man alive would make
 Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
 To her that so false sclaunders at him threw;
 And more to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
 She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe;
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus hearing her so lewdly raile,
 And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
 Would her have chastiz'd with his yron haile,
 If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
 And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve
 From his right course, but still the way did hold
 To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

Containing

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesie.

I.

THE waies through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull Land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh raviht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And when I gin to feeble decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled

II.

[spright.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learning's treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the

Muse :

S ij

III.

Revele to me the sacred nourfery
 Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
 Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly,
 From view of men and wicked world's disdain;
 Since it at first was by the gods with paine
 Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
 From heavenly feedes of bounty soveraine,
 And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
 Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
 Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie,
 Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
 And spreads itselſe through all civilitie;
 Of which though present age doe plenteous ſeeme,
 Yet being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
 Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
 Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies miſdeeme:

V.

But in the triall of true curteſie,
 Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but ſongerie,
 Fashion'd to pleaſe the eies of them that paſſe,
 Which ſee not perfect things, but in a glaſſe:
 Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynd
 The wiſeſt ſight to thinke gold that is bras;
 But vertue's ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
 And not in outward ſhowes but inward thoughts de-
 fynd.

VI.

But where shall I in all antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
 The goodly praise of princely curtesie,
 As in yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene!
 In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
 The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
 But meriteth indeede an higher fame;
 Yet so from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine!
 That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to yourselfe doe it returne againe:
 So from the ocean all rivers spring,
 And tribute backe repay as to their king;
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest which round about you ring,
 Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your court, where courtesies excell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort

A damzell used vyld;

Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make

Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

Of court it seemes men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well besemeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon:

II.

But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray, [play.
That him did much renowme, and far his fame dis-

III.

Ne was there knight, ne was there lady, found
 In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
 For his faire usage and conditions found,
 The which in all mens liking gayned place,
 And with the greatest purchast greatest grace,
 Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
 To please the best, and th' evill to embase;
 For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
 And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
 Uppon an hard adventure fore bestad,
 Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
 With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
 From his late conquest which he gotten had;
 Who whenas each of other had a sight,
 They knew themselves, and both their persons rad;
 When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest Knight
 "Of all this dayon ground that breathe living spright!

IV.

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
 "Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
 To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
 His whole exploitte and valorous emprise,
 In order as it did to him arise.
 "Now happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
 "Which have so goodly, as ye can devise,
 "Atchiev'd so hard a quest as few before,
 "That shall you most renowned make for evermore.

VI.

" But where ye ended have, now I begin
 " To tread an endlesse trace, withouten guyde
 " Or good direction how to enter in,
 " Or how to issue forth, in waies untryde,
 " In perils strange, in labours long and wide,
 " In which although good fortune me befall,
 " Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
 " What is that quest," quoth then Sir Artegall,
 " That you into such perils presently doth call?"

VII.

" The Blattant Beast," quoth he, " I doe pursue,
 " And through the world incessantly doe chase,
 " Till I him overtake or else subdew;
 " Yet know I not or how or in what place
 " To find him out yet still I forward trace."
 " What is that Blattant Beast?" then he replide.
 " It is a monster bred of hellishe race,"
 Then answered he, " which often hath annoyd
 " Good knights and ladies true, and many else de-

VIII.

[stroyd.

" Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
 " And fell Chimæra in her darke some den,
 " Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,
 " Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
 " Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
 " Into this wicked world he forth was sent
 " To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
 " Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 " He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

.IIX.

"Then since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
 Sayd Artégall, "I such a beast did see,
 "The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
 "That all in spite and malice did agree,
 "With which he bayd and loudly barked at mee,
 "As if that he attence would me devoure;
 "But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
 "Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 "But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

.LXX.

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
 "Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 "To heare these tidings which of none afore
 "Through all my weary travell I have had;
 "Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
 "Now God you speed," quoth then Sir Artégall,
 "And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
 "For ye have much adoe to deale withall,
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

.LXXI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,
 Who seeing him from farte, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide;
 To whom approaching in that painefull stound,
 When he him saw, for no demands he staid,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide;

XII.

" Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought
 " Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 " What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
 " And thee captived in this shamefull place?
 To whom he answered thus; " My haplesse case
 " Is not occasioned through my misdesert,
 " But through misfortune, which did me abase
 " Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 " Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII.

" Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
 " Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
 " Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
 " And it hath long mayntained with mighty wrong;
 " For may no knight nor lady passe along
 " That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
 " By reason of the streight and rocks among)
 " But they that ladies lockes doe shave away,
 " And that knights berd for toll, which they for passage

XIV.

[pay."

" A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
 Sayd Calidore, " and to be overthrowne;
 " But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
 " And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne."
 Sayd then that squire; " The lady which doth owne
 " This castle is by name Briana hight,
 " Then which a prouder lady liveth none;
 " She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,
 " And sought to win his love by all the meanes she
 might.

XV.

“ His name is Crudor, who through high disdain
 “ And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
 “ Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
 “ Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
 “ With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd;
 “ Which to provide she hath this castle dight,
 “ And therein hath a seneschall assynd,
 “ Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
 “ Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.”

XVI.

“ He this same day, as I that way did come
 “ With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
 “ In execution of her lawlesse doome,
 “ Did set uppon us flying both for feare,
 “ For little bootes against him hand to reare:
 “ Me first he tooke unable to withstond,
 “ And whiles he her pursued every where,
 “ Till his returne unto this tree he bond,
 “ Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond.”

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shriek
 Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
 That it was she the which for helpe did seeke;
 Tho looking up unto the cry to lest,
 They saw that carle from farre, with hand unblest,
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,
 And from her head her lockes, he nigh did teare,
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare,

XVIII.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld; an ill
 Eftsoones he loold that squire, and so him dest
 With heart's dismay and inward dolour queld;
 For to pursue that villaine which had rest
 That piteous spoile by so inirious theft;
 Whom overtaking, loud to him he cryde;
 "Leave, Faytor quickly that misgotten west
 "To him that hath it better iustifyde,
 "And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art

XIX.

[defyde."

Who hearkning to that voice him selfe upreard;
 And seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afearde;
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne countenance thus unto him spake;
 "Art thou the caytive that defiest me;
 "And for this mayd, whose party thou dost take,
 "Wilt give thy beard; though it but little bee
 "Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free."

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might;
 That oft he made him stagger as unstayd;
 And oft recule to shunne his sharpe despight;
 But Calidore, that was well skill'd in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
 But when he felt him shrink, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling course
 Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course;
 So soone as passage is unto him lent
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore;
 When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
 He fiercely him pursu'd and pressed sore,
 Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
 Whenas the earle no longer could sustaine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
 Toward the castle, where if need constrain'd
 His hope of refuge used to remaine;
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Unto the ward to open to him hostile.

XXIII.

They from the wall him seeing so aghast;
 The gate soone opened to receive him in,
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin;
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
 Did chocke the entraunce with a lumpe of ore
 That it could not be shut, whilest Calidore
 Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the castle kept
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay,
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a steare, in heat of sommer's day,
 With his long taile the bryces brush away
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
 Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Can him salute, and fowle upbraid with faulty blame.

XXV.

"False traytor Knight," sayd she, "no knight at all,
 "But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
 "Murderd my men, and shame my seneſchall,
 "Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
 "And spoile my selfe, that canst thee with stand?
 "Yet doubt thou not but that some better knight
 "Then thou that shall thy treason vnderstand,
 "Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
 "And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame

XXVI.

[requight.]

Much was the knight abashed at that word,
 Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the shame,
 "But to the shamefull doer it afford;
 "Blond is no blemish; for it is no blame
 "To punish those that do deserve the same;
 "But they that breake bands of civillie,
 "And wikked customes make, those do defame
 "Both noble armes and gentle curtesie
 "No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXXVII.

"They doe your selfe for dread of shame forgoe
 "This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
 "And do instead thereof mild curt'ie shewe
 "To all that passe, that shall you glory gaine
 "More then his love, which thus ye seeke to obtaine."
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyed
 "Vile Recreant I know that I do much dishaie
 "Thy courtous love, that doest my love decide,
 "Who scornes thy yelle loffe, and bids thee be de-

XXXVIII.

[fyde."

"To take chawnces at a ladies word,"
 Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity,
 "But were he here that would it with his sword
 "Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby,"
 "Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou wouldst
 "Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place?"
 "If I doe so," sayd he, "then liberty
 "I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
 "With all those names that erst ye spake me to de-

XXXIX.

[face."

With that a dwarfie she calld to her in haile,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
 (A privy token which betweene them past)
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
 To Crudor, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to rescue her against a knight
 Who, through strong powre, had now her selfe in hold,
 Having late slaine her senechall in fight,
 And all her people murdered with outragious might.

XXX.

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
 But Calidore did with her there abyde
 The coming of that so much threatned knight;
 Where that discourteous dame with scornfull pryde
 And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine;
 Yet he that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
 Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
 The dwarf which bore that message to her knight
 Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
 He would her succour, and alive or dead
 Her foe deliuer up into her hand;
 Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blyth the lady streight became,
 And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more;
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed, was Sir Calidore,
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore;
 And having soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight
 He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

XXXIII.

Well weend he streight that he should be the same,
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
 With so fell fury and despituous forse,
 That neither could the other's stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

XXXIV.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in fencelesse sound;
 Yet would he not him hurt although he might,
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound;
 But when Briana saw that dreery sound,
 There where she stood upon the castle-wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground,
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
 In lustlesse wise, as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still;
 But when he saw his foe before in vew,
 He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
 Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
 To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensue,

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight;
 Which as it still encreast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath a while their anger's tempest ceast.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had pot-shares bene; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloudly gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight,
 And nimbler-handed then his enemy,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie, [litie:
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humi-

XXXIX.

And ere he could recover foote againe,
 He following that faire advantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him upon the ground he groveling cast,
 And leaping to him light, would have unlast
 His helme, to make unto his vengeance way;
 Who seeing in what daunger he was plast,
 Cryde out, " Ah ! mercie, Sir, doe me not slay,
 " But save my life, which lot before your foot doth

XL.

[lay."

With that his mortall hand awhile he slayd,
 And having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
 " And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
 " That menaced me from the field to beat,
 " Now brought to this ? by this now may ye learne
 " Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
 " But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
 " The which shall nought to you but soule dishonor

XLI.

[yearne :

" For nothing is more blamesfull to a knight,
 " That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
 " However strong and fortunate in fight,
 " Then the reproch of pride and crueltie :
 " In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
 " Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew :
 " All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
 " Subiect to Fortune's chance, still chaunging new :
 " What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

XLII.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
 " How can he mercy ever hope to have?
 " To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
 " Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
 " I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
 " With these conditions which I will propound;
 " First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
 " Unto all errant knights wherefo on ground;
 " Next, that ye ladies ayde in every stead and found."

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
 In dread of death, his hearts did gladly heare,
 And promist to performe his precept well,
 And whatsoever else he would requere:
 So suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
 By his own sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 To take Briana for his loving fere
 Withouten dowre or composition,
 But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
 He up arose, however lief or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye:
 Then forth he cald, from sorrowfull dismay,
 The sad Briana, which all this beheld,
 Who comming forth, yet full of late affray,
 Sir Calidore up-cheard, and to her told
 All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then fory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did proiest,
And him adoring as her live's deare lord,
With all due thanks and dutifull respect
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faime,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine;
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine,
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

XIX

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram say

A proud discourteous knight;

He makes him squire, and of him learns

His state and present plight.

XX

WHAT vertue is, so fitting for a knight;
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love;
As curtesie, to beare themselves aright;
To all of each degree, as doth behoue;
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none of them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe;
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

XXI

Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend;
For some so goodly grātious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend;
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine;
Yet praise likewise deserves good thewes enforst with
paine.

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose every deed and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as with him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

IV.

And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array,
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may;
But ere he came in place that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with won-

IV.

[der fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race;
All in a woodman's iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hanters horne he hanging had.

VII

Buskins he wore of costliest ordwayne, ni flow sadT
 Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part, whose
 As then the guise was for each gentle swayne; as W
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart, doted but A
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart; sage won all
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare, oller o't
 With which he wont to launch the salvage hart; at A
 Of many a lyon and of many a beare, fighting on
 That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare. A

VIII

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed, made but A
 At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle Swaine!
 " Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed o't
 " In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine b't
 " By thee, no knight, which armes impugne th plaine."
 " Certes," said he, " doth were I to have broken and
 " The law of armes, yet breake it should againe, ad T
 " Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken; bid W
 " So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII.

" For not I him, as this his ladie here, iust but mih
 " May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong, boog A
 " Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were; iust but to Y
 " But he me first through pride and puissance strong
 " Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
 " Perdie great blame," then said Sir Calidore, ni HA
 " For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong: io
 " But then aread, thou gentle Chyld! wherefore
 " Betwixt you two begant his strife and sterne op-
 rore."

IX.

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare;
 "I, whose unriper yeares are yet unfit
 "For thing of weight, or worke of greater care;
 "Doe spend my dayes, and bend my cartlesse wit,
 "To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
 "In all this Forrest and wild woodie raine;
 "Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
 "I channst to meete this knight who therelyes laine,
 "Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine."

X.

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was;
 "And this his ladie, that him ill became,
 "On her saife feet by his horse-side did pas
 "Thro' thicke and thin, unfit for any dame;
 "Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
 "When so she lagged, as she needs more so,
 "He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
 "Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
 "Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe."

XI.

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 "Much was I moved in indignant mind;
 "And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 "Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
 "He rather should have taken up behind;
 "Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
 "Tooke in soule scorn that I such fault did find,
 "And me in lieu thereof revild againe,
 "Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chylde per-

XII.

" Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
 " His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
 " That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
 " And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
 " Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
 " Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
 " Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
 " Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
 " That through the wound his spirit shortly did de-

XIII.

[part.]

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speech,
 Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
 That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
 Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
 Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

XIV.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame,
 Sayd then Sir Calidore, " Neither will I
 " Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame;
 " For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
 " And what he did, he did himselfe to save: [shame;
 " Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
 " For knights and all men this by nature have,
 " Towards all women-kind them kindly to behave.

XV.

"But sith that he is gone irrevocable,
 "Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
 "What cause could make him so dishonourable
 "To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread,
 "And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
 "Certes, Sir Knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
 "To rayse lyving blame against the dead;
 "But since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
 "I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

XVI.

"This day, as he and I together roade
 "Upon our way to which we weren bent,
 "We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
 "Within a wood; whereas a ladie gent
 "Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
 "Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spies;
 "Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
 "An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
 "And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
 "He inly gan her lover to envy,
 "And wish that he part of his spoyle might share;
 "Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
 "To be a let, he bad me by and by
 "For to alight; but when as I was loth
 "My loves owne part to leave so suddenly, [eth,
 "He with strong hand down from his steed me throw-
 "And with presumptuous powre against that knight
 streight goeth.

XVIII.

" Unarm'd all was the knight, as then there meete
 " For ladies service and for love's delight;
 " Then fearing any foeman there to meete;
 " Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
 " Himselfe to yeeld his love, or else to fight:
 " Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
 " Yet boldly answer'd as he rightly might;
 " To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
 " In which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine-

XIX.

[sayd;

" Yet since he was not presently in plight
 " Her to defend, or his to iustifie;
 " He him requested, as he was a knight,
 " To lend him day his better right to trie,
 " Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 " Might lightly fetch; but he was fierce and whot,
 " Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
 " But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
 " From which to thinke to save himselfe it booteth not.

XX.

" Meanewhile his ladie, which this outrage saw,
 " Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
 " Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
 " And closely hid herselfe within the grove:
 " My knight her's soone, as seemes, to danger drove,
 " And left sore wounded; but when her he mist,
 " He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
 " And range through all the wood, wherefo he wist
 " She hidden was, and fought her so long as him list.

XXI.

" But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
" After long search and chauff he turned backe
" Unto the place where me he left behind;
" There gan he me to curse and ban for lacke
" Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
" To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong;
" Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
" Strove to appease him, and perswaded long,
" But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII.

" Then as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
" When forward we should fare, he flat refused
" To take me up (as this young man did see)
" Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
" But forst to trot on foot, and soule misused,
" Pounching me with the butt end of his speare,
" In vaine complayning to be so abused;
" For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
" But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to

XXIII.

[heare.

" So passed we, till this young man us met,
" And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
" Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret,
" Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
" Now sure," then said Sir Calidore, " and right
" Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
" Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
" Or through support of count'nance prond and hault,
" To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
 Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admyred it,
 That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly sit;
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

XXV.

" Faire gentle Swayne! and yet as stout as fayre!
 " That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost wonne,
 " Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
 " As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
 " After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
 " Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 " As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 " Or surely borne of some heroicke seed;
 " That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly head.

XXVI.

" But should it not displease thee it to tell,
 " (Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
 " For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell)
 " I would thyselfe require thee to reveale,
 " For deare affection and unfayned zeale
 " Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 " And wish thee grow in worship and great weale;
 " For since the day that armes I first did reare,
 " I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble youth; "May be,
" Sir Knight, that by discovering my estate
" Harm may arise unweeting unto me;
" Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
" To you I will not feare it to relate.
" Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
" Sonne of a king, however thorough fate
" Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
" And lost the crowne which should my head by right

XXVIII.

[adorne :

" And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
" Of good King Meliogras, which did rayne
" In Cornewale, till that he through lives despire
" Untimely dyde before I did attaine
" Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine;
" After whose death, his brother seeing mee
" An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
" Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
" And sent me where him list instructed for to bee."

XXIX.

" The widow queene, my mother, which then hight
" Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
" Of my fraile safetie, resting in the night
" Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
" Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
" Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
" Thought best away me to remove somewhere
" Into some forrein land, whereas no need
" Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor
feed.

XXX.

" So taking counsell of a wise man red,
 " She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
 " Out of the cuntry wherein I was bred,
 " The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
 " Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
 " Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong;
 " To whose wife read she hearkning, sent me streight
 " Into this land, where I have wond thus long
 " Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature

XXXI.

[strong.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
 " Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 " In ydleffe, but, as was convenient,
 " Have trayned bene with many noble feres
 " In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres;
 " Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
 " To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
 " Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
 " Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was

XXXII.

[scene.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on perch,
 " Whether high trowing or accoasting low,
 " But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 " And all her pray and all her diet know;
 " Such be our ioyes which in these forrests grow.
 " Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
 " And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 " I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
 " And being now high time these strong ioynts to
 imploy.

XXXIII.

" Therefore, good Sir, sitte now occasion fitte and T
 " Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldom may, but A
 " Let me this crave, unworthy though of it, blyd O
 " That ye will make me squire without delay, id n O
 " That from henceforth in battellous array, but w and
 " I may beare armes, and learne to use them right, V
 " The rather since that Fortune hath this day, but A
 " Given to me the spoile of this dead knight, god al
 " These goodly gilden armes, which I have won in

XXXIV.

[fight."

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard, but O
 Him much more now then erst he gan admire, T
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd, T
 And thus replide; " Faire Chyld, the high desire
 " To love of armes which in you doth aspire, and
 " I may not certes without blame deny, b ym o T
 " But rather wish that some more noble hire, and T
 " (Tho' none more noble then is chevalrie) would I
 " I had you to reward with greater dignitie, T

XXXV.

There him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
 Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all, but A
 And never to be recreant for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall, w o b ym o T
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call, T
 Full glad and loyous then young Tristram grew; T
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small, v blyg al
 Long shut up in the bud from heaven's view, and o
 At length breaks forth, and proude displayes his
 smyling hew.

LXXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And Calidore betooke him to depart,
 Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
 On his adventure, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in every place and part;
 Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
 And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight;
 Yet for the time this answer he to him beight:

LXXXVII.

" Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire!
 " To have thy presence in my present quest,
 " That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 " And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
 " But I am bound by vow, which I profess
 " To my dread soveraine, when I it assayed,
 " That in atchievement of her high behest
 " I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
 " Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

LXXXVIII.

" But since this ladie is all desolate,
 " And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
 " Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
 " To succour her from daunger of dismay,
 " That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
 The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
 It gladly did accept, as he did say;
 So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
 And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX.

But Tristram then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes;
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight;
So with her marched forth as she did him beight. A

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them a while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde:

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie sound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning;
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavey eyne from teares unceath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew:

XLII.

Then speaking to the ladie, thus he said,
 "Ye dolefull Dame! let not your griefe empetch
 "To tell what cruell hand hath thus arrayd
 "This knight unarm'd with so unknighly breach
 "Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
 "I may avenge him of so foule despight."
 The ladie hearing his so courteous speech,
 Can reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her fery hart few heauie words forth light.

XLIII.

In which she shew'd how that discourteous knight,
 Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
 Lying together in unblam'd delight,
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound;
 Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
 Well understood, he gan of her demand
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
 Him thus described, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quarterd arthwart, and bearing in his targe
 A ladie on rough waves, row'd in a sommer barge.

XLVIX

Then gan Sir Galidore to ghesse straight way,
By many signes which he described had,
That this was he whom Trilham carle did slay,
And to her said this Dame, be no longer sad
“ For he that hath your knight so ill befid,
“ Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight:
“ These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
“ The mace of his desert for that despight,
“ Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved

XLVI.

[knight.

“ Therefore, faire Lady ! lay aside this grieve,
“ Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
“ For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
“ Were best devise for this your lover's smart,
“ And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
“ Convey to be recur'd.” She thank't him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case,
And him to beare she thought it thing too base:
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
“ Faire Lady ! let it not you seeme disgrace
“ To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
“ Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.”

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
 Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
 And powring balme, which he had long purveyd,
 Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne;
 Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
 In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne,
 Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

XLIX.

Thereof faire lady, saye this unto me,
 Which ye have gathered to your gentle heart,
 For that disfigure, and think what to do,
 Were best devise for this your lover's smart.
 And how ye may him please, and to what part,
 Convey to be recover'd, she thank him deare,
 Both for that news he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous care which he did beare,
 Both to her love and to her life in that sad state.

L.

Yet could she not devise by any wit
 How thence she might convey him to some place;
 For him to trouble she it thought not;
 That was a stranger to her wretched case;
 And him to beate she thought it thing too base;
 Which whome he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
 Faire lady, let it not you trouble
 To beare this burden on your gentle backe,
 My selfe will beare a part, copart with you packe.

III

THE FAERY QUEENE:

BOOK VI. CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast;
Saves Serena, whilst Calepine
By Turpine is oppress.

I.

TRUE is that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne;
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne;
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set,
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed,
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed,
There of the knight the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
 That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
 And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares,
 But now weake age had dimd his candle light;
 Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
 And loved all that did to armes incline,
 And was the father of that wounded knight
 Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
 And Aldus was his name, and his sonnes Aladine.

IV.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
 With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
 By a faire lady and a stranger knight,
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth; "Ah, fory Boy!
 " Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 " Thou brings? Aie me! is this the timely ioy
 " Which I expected long, now turned to sad annoy?

V.

" Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
 " So tickle is the state of earthly things;
 " That ere they come unto their aymed scope,
 " They fall too short of our fraile reckonings;
 " And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings
 " Instead of comfort, which we should embrace;
 " This is the state of keasars and of kings:
 " Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
 " Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare,
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be

VII.

[brought :

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelihood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanness much, and make her th'other's riches

VIII.

[scorne.

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade,
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd, and set in secret shade;
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguise.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
 Faind her to frolicke, and to put away
 The pensive fit of her melancholie;
 And that old knight by all meanes did assay
 To make them both as merry as he may:
 So they the evening past till time of rest,
 When Calidore in seemly good array
 Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
 Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
 But by her wounded love did watch all night,
 And all the night for bitter anguish weeps,
 And with her teares his wounds did wash and sleepe:
 So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
 That of the deadly swoond in which full deepe
 He drenched was, she at the length dispaht him,
 And drove away the stound which mortally attacht

XI.

[him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
 He also gan uplooke with dreery eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke;
 Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
 He deeply sigh'd and groaned inwardly,
 To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood;
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII.

Which she perceiuing, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares;
So both conspiring, gan to intimate
Each other's griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate,
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore; all other helpes were past.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust,
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titan's beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay,
All night in darkenesse dold with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day,
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way:

XIV.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite after this night's perillous passe,
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And eke that lady, his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe,
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked course,

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold,
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
 And all his disadventures to unfold,
 That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
 In th'end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
 He him by all the bands of love besought,
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
 To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
 To leave, till to her father's house he had her brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
 It to performe; so after little stay,
 That she herselfe had to the iourney dight,
 He passed forth with her in faire array,
 Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite;
 So as they past together on their way,
 He can devise this counter-cast of flight,
 To give faire colour to that ladies cause in fight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
 The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
 The day before by iust avengement
 Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine;
 There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
 And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame;
 So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
 Till to that ladies father's house he came,
 Most penfive man, through feare what of his childe
 became.

XVIII.

There he arriving, boldly did present
 The fearefullyd, to his father deare;
 Most perfect pure and guiltlesse innocent
 Of blame, as he did on his knighthood swear,
 Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
 Of a discourteous knight, who her had rest,
 And by outrageous force away did beare;
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
 And wretched life forsooke for vengeance of his theft.

XIX.

Most ioyfull man, her sire was her to see,
 And heere th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
 And thousand thanks to Calidore for see
 Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
 Did yeeld; ne lesse the lady did advance,
 Thus having her restored trustily,
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance
 He there did make, and then most carefully
 Unto his first exploit he did himselfe apply.

XX.

So as he was pursuing of his quest,
 He chaunst to come whereas a iolly knight
 In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
 To solace with his lady in delight:
 His warlike armes he had from him undight,
 For that himselfe he thought from danger free,
 And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;
 And eke the lady was full faire to see,
 And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
 Ere they were well aware of living wight,
 Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby
 That he so rudely did upon them light,
 And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
 Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
 And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
 He soone allayd that knight's conceiv'd displeasure,
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure,
 And of adventures which had in his measure
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.
 So downe he fate, and with delightfull pleasure
 His long adventures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
 The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
 Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
 And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
 With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,
 Without suspect of ill, or daunger's hidden dred.

XXIV.

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horror of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

XXV.

The beast with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race,
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight,
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who nathelesse when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his sight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
Butorst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII

And now by this Sir Calpine, so bight,
 Came to the place where he his lady found
 In dolorous dismay and deadly blight,
 All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground;
 Having both sides through grypt with grievly wound:
 His weapon soone from him he threw away,
 And stouping downe to her in deery footing;
 Uprear'd her from the ground where on the day,
 And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

XXVIII

So well he did his busines apply,
 That the faint spright he did revoke againe
 To her fraile mansion of mortality:
 Then up he tooke her twist his armes twaine,
 And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
 With carefull hands, soft footing her beside,
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine;
 Where she in safe assurance mote abide
 Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

XXIX

Now whenas Phoebus with his fiery waine
 Unto his iune began to draw apace,
 The weking weary of that toyle some paine
 In travelling on soote so long a space,
 Not wont on soote with heavy armes to trace,
 Downe in a dale forby a river's syde
 He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
 To which he ment his weary steps to guyde,
 In hope there for his love some succour to provyde:

XXX.

But comming to the river's side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was,
Therefore there still he stood as in a ffound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed knight approaching to the place,
With a faire lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to

XXXI.

[ride.

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie in that his neede
(For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perillous foord with better heede)
To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne,
"Perdy thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
"Me then to be full base and evill borne,
"If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne:

[.]

XXXII.

"But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
"So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
"And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
"Or beare her on thy barke with pleasing payne,
"And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pittie of his dame, whom she saw so diseased,

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanekt, yet inly wroth
 Against her knight, her gentlenesse refused,
 And carelesly into the river goth,
 As in despight to be so fowle abused
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
 Of fowle discourtesie unfit for knight;
 And strongly wading through the waves unused,
 With speare in th'one hand, stayd himselfe upright,
 With th'other staide his lady up with stedy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
 Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
 At whose calamity, for more despight,
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim;
 But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
 And saw his carriage past that perill well,
 Looking at that same carle with count'nance grim,
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and

XXXV. [felle.

“Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
 “And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
 “That is the badge of honour and of fame,
 “Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
 “That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
 “And be for ever held a recreant knight,
 “Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake,
 “And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
 “To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.”

XXXVI.

The Gaffard, that did heare himfelfe defyle,
 Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all;
 But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
 Did scorne the challenge of fo base a thrall;
 Or had no courage, or else had no galls:
 So much the more was Calepine offended,
 That him to no revenge he forth could call,
 But both his challenge and himfelfe contemned,
 Ne cared as a coward fo to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he fayd or did,
 Turned his steede about another way,
 And with his lady to the castle rid
 Where was his won; he did the other say,
 But after went directly as he may,
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
 Where he arriving with the fall of day,
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
 And myld entreaty, lodging for her did beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,
 And entraunce boldly unto him forbad;
 Nathelesse the knight, now in fo needy case,
 Gan him entreat even with submission base,
 And humbly praid to let them in that night;
 Who to him aunswer'd that there was no place
 Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
 Unlesse that with his lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX

" Full loth am I," quoth he, " as now at earst,
 " When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
 " And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
 " With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
 " Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,
 " That should to me such courtesie afford;
 " Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst;
 " But yet aread to me how hight thy lord,
 " That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Fords?"

XL

" His name," quoth he, " if that thou list to learne;
 " Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
 " And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
 " In all affaires to every errant knight,
 " Because of one that wrought him fowle despight.
 " Ill seemes," sayd he, " if he so valiaunt be,
 " That he should be so sterne to stranger wight,
 " For seldome yet did living creature see
 " That courtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI

" But go thy waies to him, and from me say
 " That here is at his gate an errant knight,
 " That house-rome craves, yet would be loth t'assay
 " The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,
 " Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite;
 " Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
 " And tell withall the lamentable plight
 " In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
 " That pittie craves, as he of woman was borne."

XLII.

The groome went streightway in, and to his lord
 Declar'd the message which that knight did move;
 Who sitting with his lady then at bord,
 Not onely did not his demanda approve,
 But both him selfe revil'd and eke his love;
 Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
 Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Find favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish will awhit reclame:
 Which answer when the groome returning brought
 To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof avenged bee;
 But most for pittie of his dearest dame,
 Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
 Yet had no meanes to comfort nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
 He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
 But th'utmost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that night's fortune would for him addresse:
 So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
 And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
 Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
 Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
 Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
 Serena, full of dolorous dismay,
 Twixt darknesse dread and hope of living light,
 Uprear'd her head to see that cherefull sight;
 Then Calepine, howeuer inly wroth,
 And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
 Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
 Upstaying still herselfe vpon her steede,
 Being unhable else alone to ride,
 So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed;
 Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
 He chaunst faw off an armed knight to spy,
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde;
 Tho whenas he approached nigh in vew,
 By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
 To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
 Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
 Therefore misdoubting least he should misgyde
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprife,
 He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
 Of his sore vengeance; or to make avoure
 Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
 With that ran at him, as he would devoure
 His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
 The pesill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,
 And like a wilde goaté round about did chace,
 Flying the fury of his bloody will;
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behinde his ladies back, who to him cryde,
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to lady was affyde,
 To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
 He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine, and with his spere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensfew'd
 In great abundance, as a well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LIII

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste him still for all his ladies cry,
 Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
 He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
 The which was certes in great icopardy,
 Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
 And saved from his cruell villany:
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

LIII

Yet he him still purfuew'd from place to place,
 With full intent him to pursue,
 And like a white goat hunt him close,
 Flying the way he would not choose,
 But his best way he would not choose,
 Behind his ladies back he would not choose,
 And called off with prayer loud and shrill,
 As over he to lady was shy,
 To spare her fright, and not with reason shy.

But he the more the more he sought,
 And with more intent he sought,
 So that at length after long time,
 Having by chance a little way,
 He overtook her, and with his hand,
 His violence increasing, and with his hand,
 Struck through his shoulder, that the blood
 In great abundance, as a well it was,
 That forth came of a little gushing.

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CONTENTS.

Page

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK V.

The Legend of Artegall, or of Justice,	5
Book V. Canto I.	9
Canto II.	20
Canto III.	29
Canto IV.	53
Canto V.	71
Canto VI.	91
Canto VII.	105
Canto VIII.	121
Canto IX.	139
Canto X.	156
Canto XI.	170
Canto XII.	192

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK VI.

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courtelie,	207
Book VI. Canto I.	210
Canto II.	226
Canto III.	243

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END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

CONTENTS.

Page

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK V.

The Legend of Aeneas, or of Justice,

Book V. Canto I.

Canto II.

Canto III.

Canto IV.

Canto V.

Canto VI.

Canto VII.

Canto VIII.

Canto IX.

Canto X.

Canto XI.

Canto XII.

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK VI.

The Legend of St. Calisto, or of Constancy,

Book VI. Canto I.

Canto II.

Canto III.



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